

RICHMOND

DRAWER 9B

WAR EPISSOES

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Civil War Episodes

Richmond

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

— The Rev. Dr. Teasdale, formerly of Washington, but now a resident of Richmond, has been in Washington for a few days past, endeavoring to obtain permission from President Lincoln to negotiate the sale of tobacco and cotton for the benefit of the starving women and children in Richmond, whose destitution he describes as terrible. 3/10/64

TAKING OF THE REBEL CAPITAL.

We have the extreme gratification of presenting our readers this morning with the most important news we have received in many a long day. Richmond and Petersburg have both been evacuated by the enemy and occupied by the United States forces. This intelligence is official. Strangely enough, the first troops of ours sent into Richmond were General Weitzel's colored division, which, still more strangely, were received with the most enthusiastic expressions of joy by the people of the captured city. We cannot say that we are surprised at this exhibition of pleasure at the return of the old flag to a city where it had once been so honored, as the people of Richmond must long since have become wearied of the bloody and disastrous struggle for the possession of that place; so that the change must be an inexpressible relief to them. It has also been long known that there were many staunch and patriotic lovers of the Union in that capital, who in secret have rendered us efficient aid, and befriended our prisoners whenever the opportunity was afforded them.

OFFICIAL WAR GAZETTE.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—To Major General Dix, New York:—The following telegram from the President, announcing the evacuation of Petersburg and probably of Richmond, has just been received by the War Department.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War
CITY POINT, Va., April 3.—Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—This morning General Grant reports Petersburg evacuated, and is confident Richmond also is. He is pushing forward to cut off, if possible, the retreating army.

A. LINCOLN.

Richmond is Ours.

WASHINGTON, April 3, 10.45 A. M.—Major General Dix:—It appears from a dispatch of General Weitzel, just received by this Department, that our forces under his command are in Richmond, having taken it at 8.15 this morning.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Confirmation of the Capture of Richmond.

WASHINGTON, April 3, 12 M.—To Major General Dix, New York: The following official confirmation of the capture of Richmond, and announcing that the city is on fire, has just been received by this Department:

CITY POINT, Va., April 3, 11 A. M.—General Weitzel telegraphs as follows:

"We took Richmond at 8.15 this morning. I captured many guns. The enemy left in great haste.

"The city is on fire in one place. We are making every effort to put it out.

"The people received us with enthusiastic expressions of joy."

General Grant started early this morning, with the army, towards the Danville road, to cut Lee's retreating army, if possible.

President Lincoln has gone to the front.

[Signed] T. S. BOWERS, Asst. Adj. Gen.
E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

REJOICINGS OVER THE VICTORY.

The Rejoicings in Washington.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—Although yesterday the fall of Petersburg and Richmond was believed soon to take place, owing to the late successes of our arms, the official announcement of the fact itself this A. M., occasioned great surprise, mingled

with rejoicing and puzza in all directions. Flags were thrown out more plentifully than at any other period of the war. Many of the merchants closed their stores, and business generally was suspended.

The clerks in the public departments and the municipal offices, unable to work under the effect of the good news, joined the throngs on the principal avenues and elsewhere, in congratulation of the important event. A crowd assembled in front of the Interior Department, and was addressed by Commissioner of Patents Holloway.

Secretary Seward made a brief speech from the steps of the State Department, but the largest crowd was at the War Department, the north side of which was covered with flags, including many taken from the rebels in recent engagements. Secretary Stanton congratulated the assemblage on the great victory, and the approaching end of the rebellion, and announced to the rejoicing thousands the latest intelligence by telegraph.

The news was so good that a second reading of some of the telegrams was demanded. Vice President Andrew Johnson made a stirring address, and proposed three cheers for the capture of Petersburg and Richmond and three cheers for Gen. Grant and the officers and men under his command. They were most enthusiastically given. Senator Sherman, recently returned from a visit to his brother, General Sherman, and ex-Senator Preston King, of New York, and Secretary Seward were among the spectators. During the latter part of the proceedings salutes of cannon were fired. There has never before been such a day of rejoicing in Washington. The Secretary of State recommends that the public buildings be illuminated this evening in honor of the fall of Richmond. Foreign Ministers called this morning at the Department of State to express their congratulations on the fall of Richmond. The first who called was the Austrian Minister, Count Wydenbruck; next the Consul General of Switzerland, and next the Swedish Minister, Baron Wetterstedt.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—The fall of Richmond and Petersburg became known a few minutes of eleven o'clock this morning. The intelligence soon spread throughout the city, occasioning intense and joyous excitement. The employees of the several departments of the government deserted their desks to join with the rejoicings in the streets.

The Secretary of the Treasury issued an order relieving the clerks from duty for the remainder of the day. Whether the heads of the other departments issued a similar order or not, it is certain that their respective clerks also indulged in a holiday.

Public business was nearly suspended. The municipal offices and many of the merchants' stores were closed. When the news reached the Court-house, so great was the excitement that the two Courts at that time in session were immediately adjourned.

The teachers of the public schools dismissed their scholars. Work was suspended at the Navy-yard and the Government Printing Bureau, and in other public as well as private establishments. Numbers of persons chartered whatever conveyances were available, and set out through the streets with their vehicles, profusely decked with the American flag, and at this time the avenue is gay with such carriages. The Steam Fire Department is represented by both the Steam Fire Brigade and the City Department.

Flags were plentifully raised on the house-tops and thrown out in front of the public departments and places of business and private residences.

Pennsylvania avenue was crowded with pedestrians, and great was the anxiety to hear the latest news.

The newsboys with their extras somewhat allayed the general demand, and the absence of war-like particulars was supplied by the groups and hurrying throngs in speculations, and the repetitions of mere rumors, which extensively prevailed.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock, an immense crowd gathered in the park on the north side of the War Department, and there received the first confirmatory intelligence of the victory, which was greeted with deafening cheers. There were loud calls for the Secretary of War, who appeared and delivered a brief address, as follows:

Speech of Secretary Stanton.

Friends and Fellow-Citizens.—In this great hour of triumph my heart as well as yours is penetrated with gratitude to Almighty God for His deliverance of this nation. (Tremendous and prolonged applause.) Our thanks are due to the President, (cheers;) to the army and navy, (cheers;) to the gallant officers and men who have perilled their lives upon the battle-field and drenched the soil with their blood, (Great cheers.)

Henceforth our commiseration and our aid should be given to the wounded, the maimed and the suffering, who bear the marks of their great sacrifices in this mighty struggle. Let us humbly offer our thanks to Divine Providence for His care over us, and beseech Him that He will guide and govern us in our duties hereafter, as He has carried us forward to victory in the past, that He will teach us how to be humble in the midst of

triumph, how to be just in the hour of victory, and that He will enable us to secure the foundations of this republic, soaked as they have been in blood, so that it shall live forever and ever. (Cheers.) Let us also not forget the laboring millions in other lands who in this struggle have given us their sympathies and then prayers, and let us bid them rejoice with us in our great triumph: then having done this, let us trust the future to God, who will guide us as heretofore according to His own good will.

Mr. Stanton then read the dispatch from General Grant announcing the capture, at 8.15 this morning, of Richmond, by Gen. Weitzel's command, and that he (Grant) was moving the army up to capture the Danville road and Lee's retreating forces. It was read with long and continued cheering.

Vice President Johnson, Senator John Sherman, ex-Senator Preston King, and others, addressed the assemblage. The oratory was interrupted by the reading of a second dispatch, and although the substance of it was not distinctly heard by those in the outskirts, loud and repeated cheers were given on this assurance of continuous good news.

Hon. D. P. Holloway announced the victory to an assemblage at the Interior Department, and delivered a neat but brief address, appropriate to the occasion.

A large crowd collected in front of the State Department, which was profusely decorated with flags, and called out Secretary Seward, who, after the cheers had subsided spoke as follows:

Speech of Secretary Seward.

I thank my fellow citizens for the honor they do me by calling to congratulate me on the fall of Richmond. (Cheers.)

I am now about writing my foreign dispatches. What shall I tell the Emperor of China? I shall thank him in your name for never having permitted a piratical flag to enter the harbors of the empire. (Applause.) What shall I say to the Sultan of Turkey? I shall thank him for always having surrendered rebel insurgents who have taken refuge in his kingdom. (Cries of "That's it!" and cheering.) What shall I say to the Emperor of the French? (Voice.—"To get out of Mexico!") I shall say to the Emperor of the French that he can go to-morrow to Richmond and get his tobacco, so long held under blockade there, provided the rebels have not used it up. (Laughter and cheers.)

To Lord John Russell I will say that British merchants will find the cotton exported from our ports under treaty with the United States cheaper than cotton obtained by running the blockade. As for Earl Russell himself, I need not tell him that this is a war for freedom and national independence and the rights of human nature, and not a war for empire, and if Great Britain should only be just to the United States, Canada will remain undisturbed by us so long as she prefers the authority of the noble Queen to voluntary incorporation with the United States. (Cheers and exclamations of "That's the talk!" "Your right!")

What shall I tell the King of Prussia? I will tell the King of Prussia that the Germans have been faithful to the standard of the Union, as his excellent Minister (Baron Gerolt) has been constant in his friendship to the United States during his long residence in this country. To the Emperor of Austria I shall say that he has proved himself a very wise man, for he told us in the beginning that he had no sympathy with rebellion anywhere.

I do not doubt, fellow citizens, but that at last you accede to the theory by which I have governed myself during the war—namely, that the rebellion will end in ninety days. (Laughter and cheers.) I have thought this the true theory, because I never knew a physician able to restore his patient to health unless he thought he could work a cure, under the most improbable circumstances, in ninety days.

Finally, if the American people approve, I will say, that our motto in peace shall be what our text has been while in war:—Every nation is entitled to regulate its own domestic affairs in its own way, and all are bound to conduct themselves so as to promote peace on earth and good will to mankind.

Upon the conclusion of the Secretary's speech, the crowd dispersed, cheering vociferously for the President, the Secretary and the Union.

At a subsequent period of the day an assemblage was addressed from the steps of the ladies' entrance to Willard's hotel, by Vice President Johnson, who was frequently interrupted by cheers. The enthusiasm was particularly great when he said that at the time southern Senators were talking treason he told them to their faces in the Senate Chamber, that were he President Buchanan, he would arrest the whole of them, and obtaining a verdict, he would do as General Jackson would have done, namely: "Hang them as high as Haman, for treason."

Major General Butler, Senator Nye, and others, also gratified the auditory with speeches. General Butler said: Fellow citizens, nothing could give me a greater pleasure than to meet you at any time; much more to mingle my congratulations with yours upon the glorious triumph of the American

mean arms. All honor to the brave soldiers who have purchased with their blood this success to our arms and assurances of peace. In the hour of triumph, let us remember that the deluded masses of the south are and must be a portion of our countrymen and of ourselves; but let us also pledge ourselves that the leaders of the rebellion who have cost the country all this blood and treasure shall never hereafter have any political privileges or power (the General was here interrupted by loud and long-continued cheering) again to tear down the glorious flag which waves over us.

The God of Justice works by means, and perhaps there can be no more suggestive instance of His visitation than a corps of colored troops, under the gallant Weitzel, being the first to plant the flag of freedom over the rebel capital! Let us, in this hour of high congratulations, with the eye of a good God upon us, joy on our lips, speaking gladness each to each other, hands joined in union, our hearts filled with joy, our souls with gratitude to Him who has protected us as He did our fathers, swear to each other that our country, thus regenerated and disenthralled, shall be forever the home of liberty, freedom, equality of rights to all in the Union—one and inseparable. (Applause and cheering.)

Let us thank God that we have obtained peace, not by negotiation or compromise with treason and rebellion, but by the right arms of our soldiers; and the terms which we shall give will be consonant with the dignity, clemency and justice of the nation. (Renewed and long continued applause.)

At the National, this afternoon, a large crowd gathered, and was addressed by Ex-Gov. Grimes, of Iowa, and Ex-Gov. Bates, of Illinois.

Afterwards the throng proceeded to the Metropolitan, from the portico of which they were appropriately addressed by Messrs. Pearce, of California, Judge Hine, of Utah, Sloanaker, of Pennsylvania, Dr. Pettijohn, and Swan, of Illinois.

An elderly and respectably dressed colored man mounted a low window-sill in front of Willard's hotel, and expressed his gratification over the glorious victory in a brief speech to a throng of good humored listeners.

At the Soldiers' Rest, Colonel Ingraham announced the news this morning, which was received by the large number of soldiers present in the most enthusiastic manner. The rebel deserters who were present joined heartily in the joyful demonstrations.

The band of the third brigade, third division of the Twenty-fourth Corps, recently from Boston, on its way to the front, immediately turned out and performed several national airs, amid the deafening cheers of the soldiers and the crowd of civilians assembled in the vicinity.

The first brigade of the Veteran Reserve Corps, consisting of the 9th regiment, under command of Lieut. Col. Johnston; of the 10th regiment, Col. Dewitt; of the 12th regiment, Col. Mansfield, and the 7th regiment, headed by a band of music, and two squadrons of the provisional cavalry, commanded by Capt. Hill, and all under the immediate command of Col. Gile, paraded several of the principal streets and avenues, about two o'clock this afternoon, after which they proceeded to the grounds south of the President's house, where they were reviewed by Gen. Augur, commanding the Department of Washington, in the presence of an immense crowd of ladies and gentlemen.

A salute of eight hundred guns, three hundred in honor of the fall of Petersburg and five hundred in honor of the capture of Richmond, was fired from the corner of Fourteenth and M streets, by order of the War Department, by batteries E and F of the 2d United States Artillery, and battery H of the 14th Pennsylvania Artillery, from Camp Barry, under the direction of Brigadier General Hall. A salute of 100 guns was also fired from the battery on the Navy-yard wharf.

There was firing of cannon during the afternoon at the fortifications in the neighborhood of Washington, and in the city there was a general ringing of bells.

The streets continued crowded to a late hour tonight. Such a day of rejoicing was never known in Washington.

Secretary Welles sent telegrams to the California and other Navy-yards of the United States, ordering a national salute to be fired immediately on the receipt of the glorious news of the downfall of Richmond.

Rejoicings over the victory extended over all the principal cities of the north and west. Pennsylvania, New York, New England, New Jersey, Ohio, Maryland and the District, had suitable observances at their several capitals and chief cities. The Massachusetts Legislature met, organized as a singing school, executed "Old Hundred" and "America" in honor of the occasion, and adjourned.

BY TELEGRAPH
TO THE
BOSTON DAILY EVENING TRANSCRIPT

LEE'S SURRENDER EXPECTED.

HIS LOSS ON THURSDAY 7000.

REBELS CUT OFF FROM LYNCHBURG.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND SENATOR SUMNER IN
RICHMOND.

THE HEGIRA OF LEADING REBELS.

[Special Despatch to the Boston Transcript.]

WASHINGTON, April 8.

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A captured letter of rebel Adjutant-General Cooper to his wife, dated March 31, shows that Richmond could not be held and must be abandoned. Davis sent his family South on that day. Other leading rebels did the same thing. KAPPA.

BOSTON ADV

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISIT TO RICHMOND. A correspondent of the New York Herald gives the following account of President Lincoln's first visit to Richmond, on Monday last:

Mr. Lincoln left City Point in the flagship of Admiral Porter, accompanied by the Bat, and, ascending the James, arrived at Rockett's Landing early in the day. He was accompanied, in the way of a guard, by one company of marines and one company of armed sailors (a distinction without a difference). As the President approached the headquarters of Major-General Weitzel the salutes were opened, and he was found to be accompanied by Admiral Porter and an immense crowd of the people, who accorded to their liberator the cordial acclamations of a race owing him so much. It was truly a cheering sight to see Abraham Lincoln walking, rather than riding in a pageant, the streets of Richmond—proud but fallen city of the South—followed by an admiring crowd, where, but a few hours before, he would have been the subject of rebel jest and ribaldry, which his own patience has overcome, even to the approaching point of rebel consideration of folly.

The President, upon his arrival in the city, was immediately escorted, by his own choice, upon foot, to the headquarters of Major-Gen. Weitzel, commanding department, which are in the house of Jefferson Davis, and the threshold of which that arch-rebel crossed for the last time on Sunday evening, to take the cars for Danville, followed by his broken army. The President of the United States receiving the congratulations of an admiring auditory in the city of Richmond, and within that (late) domestic precincts of Jefferson Davis, needs no comment to cause the American people to believe that this atrocious struggle is quite at its end.

Major General Weitzel, upon the sudden appearance of Mr. Lincoln, held extemporized drawing-room receptions in the Executive mansion of the Confederacy, to which the President loaned, in his presence, the chiefest attraction. He was introduced to the leading general and staff officers of the Department of Virginia and the Army of the James now present in Richmond.

Just subsequent to the reception there was a private conference, after which the President rode out to see the city of Richmond—object of all his Presidential affections.

The ride over, the President proceeded to his ship, leaving us to the kindly realm of future developments.

BOSTON ADV

Richmond, Virginia, 1865
The President at Richmond, 1865

Mrs. LINCOLN yesterday received a telegram from the President, dated at the late residence of JEFF. DAVIS in Richmond. There is something significant and suggestive in the fact. It is only a few weeks since this mansion was the headquarters of Treason; the scene of those midnight conspiracies by which it was sought to accomplish the destruction of the Republic. There the chiefs of Rebellion gathered to mature their infernal plots. There LEE and BEAUREGARD and JOHNSTON debated the plans by which they hoped to baffle the combinations of our Generals. There HUNTER and BENJAMIN decided upon the terms in which they should reject the liberal offer of amnesty and reconstruction. There was prepared the artful and lying message by which a desperate anarchist sought to bolster up in the opinions of the world, the fortunes of his falling cause; to arrest the just judgment of history.

Now, DAVIS is a refugee. Driven from his official home, he becomes a wandering malefactor, and pitiable exile. Instead of executing his boastful threat to dictate terms of separation under the dome of the Capitol at Washington, he is driven to his wit's end to save his wretched life. Already, the fortunes of war had destroyed his abundant fortune. His estates are confiscated and occupied. His former slaves are bearing arms against him. He has now here to go, nothing to hope for, and in that bitterness of his desperate anguish, must exclaim:—

"Which way I turn is hell;
Myself am hell!"

Now, Gen. LEE, for three years the head of an organized and defiant force in Rebellion, finds himself swept into the vortex of an ignominious flight, his proud regiments broken and disheartened; one-third of his soldiers dead, wounded, or in the hands of the enemy; those who remain nothing more than a spiritless rabble, hasting, with frantic eagerness, from doom to doom—filing the route of their retreat with cannon, muskets and equipments of every sort. How painful must be for him the memory of that shameful moment, when, after a long and painful struggle, he decided to cast his sword into the scale against the country which had educated and honored him; to use the talents the Government had nurtured in a scheme for its destruction. How, amid the wreck and ruin of the shattered army, and the manifest desolation which has fallen upon the unholy cause of Rebellion, must arise a vision of the palatial mansion on Arlington Heights, and all its accessories of almost ducal splendor, converted now into a home for freed slaves—his property no longer.

Nor can we forget the palpable contrast suggested by the past and present occupancy of the DAVIS mansion. The men who have gathered there for nearly four years were concerned in an effort to break up Republican institutions; those who follow them have

pledged lives and fortunes and sacred honor for their perpetuity. The policy of the Confederates was aggrandizement of Slavery; that of the Federals involves its destruction. DAVIS and his crew staked everything to make human bondage national and perpetual. President LINCOLN stands pledged by the most solemn assurances to general emancipation. The State papers concocted within those walls have breathed the spirit of unholy Despotism; those which henceforth are to be written there, will be animate with the genius of broad and catholic Democracy.

One of the last acts sanctioned in the Executive mansion by DAVIS was that which ordered a conscription of the slaves in Virginia to do battle for those who would bind their own chains more firmly upon them. Now, there is no Slavery in Virginia. The loyal Government of that State has already decreed its abolition. By the triumph of our arms, the seat of this Government will no doubt soon be transferred from Alexandria to Richmond, and the same walls which echoed the fierce stirrings of debate on the Negro Conscription bill, will soon resound to the decree: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." However the struggle may be prolonged by the madness of traitors, "the Old Dominion" is emancipated. In the language of the *Richmond Examiner*: "An evacuation of the capital is an abandonment of Virginia forever."

We have no doubt the President will take advantage of his opportunity to issue, at once, an address to the people of the South. The time has come when this can be done without any derogation of dignity. From the Capital of a fallen foe, in the flush of a magnificent victory, at an hour when it becomes certain the Government has nothing to fear from the future, Mr. LINCOLN can with peculiar fitness give a new exhibition of that magnanimity which he has ever displayed, and furnish unmistakable evidence of the Christian moderation with which the advantages of our great success are to be used. The masses of the South must be tired of the war. They see that while their leaders may wish to protract it for selfish ends, to secure, if possible their own safety, nothing but ruin and disaster can result from a delay of peace settlement. By impressing this fact properly upon their minds and accompanying its enforcement with an assurance of liberal treatment in the future and forgetfulness of the past, whatever obstacle may remain in the way of speedy conciliation, will be overborne. An address couched in the terms of the Amnesty Proclamation and the Inaugural, would be admirably adapted to the occasion. The country expects and will endorse with alacrity such a measure.

1865



THE GREAT OVERTHROW.

SCREAM, O EAGLE! "A bird in the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." Great are thy tidings! Thine enemy is become "a pelican of the wilderness, an owl of the desert, a sparrow alone upon the house-top." Therefore, O bird of good-omen! perch upon our columns, and scream!

How shall our unsteady pen—shaken by a merry-dancing pulse!—attempt to write soberly to-day?

The great deed that has just thrilled through the country is like the sudden stroke of a minstrel sweeping every string of the harp—waking a universal resonance of joy. Only three times during the war has God touched us to the very quick: first, when, after Sumter, the cheek of the Republic crimsoned with fire—second, when, after Bull Run, the people sat in sackcloth and ashes—and third, now, after the capture of Richmond, when the heavens are cleft by the cry of a nation's joy. Not for a century may the world see a parallel to the great event which has just quivered through it! Not again for generations may the common round of human life be spanned by such heroic days! Wherefore, let the living witnesses of this sublime period give thanks to God who has cast their

lot in the greatest of ages, and in the noblest of lands!

Walking the streets of New York on Monday last, a stranger would have thought he had fallen upon a carnival of March hares!—an outbreak of school-urchins!—a bedlam of good-cheer! The multitude of hands shaken on that day was, for number, like a forest of leaves in the wind. Beautiful was it to see how some faces carried their joy in laughter—others, in tears. Who can ever forget the day? Pentecost fell upon Wall street, till the bewildered inhabitants suddenly spake in unknown tongues—singing the doxology to the tune of "Old Hundred!" Shall we ever see again such a mad, happy, delightful enthusiasm of a great nation, drunken with the wine of glad news!

The city of Richmond. . . .
 "Babylon the Great, Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth." . .
 . . "Rejoice over her, thou Heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her. And a mighty angel took up a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all."

Therefore, ring, O heaven-praising bells! Thunder, O thanksgiving guns! Clang, O broken fetters! joining your sweet jangle to the peals of joy! Bloom, tardy buds of spring!—make haste to strew yourselves under the advancing feet of Liberty and Peace! Rejoice, ye unforgotten slain! for your blood, out-poured, is unwasted. O majestic and undivided nation!—imperiled, delivered, victorious!—sing unto the Lord a new song! "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from everlasting to everlasting: and let all the people say Amen!"

The Independent.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1865.

THE PEACE AGENTS AT RICHMOND.

B. Transcripts 4-8-68
EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF "EX-TRA BILLY" SMITH.

New York, 8th. The Post's despatch says there is no doubt ex-Senator Hunter and Judge Campbell remained in Richmond to see what could be done about peace.

The President will probably soon issue another amnesty proclamation.

The Richmond Whig says Governor Smith made a speech Monday evening saying the rebel troops were victorious and that Richmond should not be evacuated, and then left on horseback.

A large number of prisoners have arrived in Washington and are desirous of taking the oath of allegiance.

THIRD EDITION.

BY TELEGRAPH

TO THE

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FROM RICHMOND.

The Great Fire—The Railroads—The Fortifications, &c.

New York, 8th. The Times's Richmond correspondent says the destruction of property there by fire will amount to \$10,000,000. It is also positively asserted that Breckinridge gave the order to start the fire.

The Times's despatch says the Southside Railroad is being repaired at the rate of six or seven miles per day, and is already used to carry supplies to our army in the field.

Mail communication with City Point was established at once. The city is perfectly quiet and the conduct of our troops admirable.

The Tribune's Richmond correspondent says when Davis received Lee's despatch in church he was much agitated and left the church all eyes being centered upon him. When services were concluded the minister was handed a note and he too hastened off as rapidly as possible.

There are seven distinct lines of fortifications around Richmond protected by the new style and most formidable *chevaux de frise*. They consist of sharp horn stakes so close that they cannot be crawled through. Among the first to seek an interview with the President was Judge Campbell. He was with him half an hour and again longer the next day. On the part of the citizens there is generally a disposition to acquiesce in a return to the Union.

AMNESTY AND PEACE RUMORS.

New York, 8th. The Tribune's Washington despatch says the rumor that President Lincoln will offer a generous amnesty to the rebel rank and file gain credence in influential quarters. It is known that Secretary Seward was to meet the President at Richmond on the day of his accident by a summons from the latter.

Gen. Grant also telegraphed to the Secretary of War requesting that no one be permitted to visit Richmond for the present, while rumor asserts that commissioners, official or self-constituted, from Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina are in that city and in conference with the President.

The Times's Washington despatch gives an extract from a New Orleans letter, which says Col. Woolley of the 26th Ohio arrived in that city a few days ago, with important despatches to the government, supposed to look toward a peace movement on the part of the State.

The rebel Gen. Barringer has arrived at Washington and through a written order from the President has had an interview with the Secretary of War.

Boston Transcript
Apr 8/65

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISIT TO RICHMOND.

[Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.]
WASHINGTON, April 8, 1865.

On Thursday the President paid another visit to Richmond, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Senators Sumner and Harlan and others. The party visited the various objects of interest in the city, including Libby prison, and were everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. Nearly all the inhabitants of the city were in the streets, white and black, anxious to get a sight of the President. The enthusiastic greeting of the whites was almost as extravagant as the blacks. The latter appeared to be overwhelmed with joy, and gave vent to their feelings in the most extravagant manner, even hailing him as the second Messiah. Some knelt in the streets and thanked God that Master Lincoln had been sent to deliver them and their children from worse than Egyptian bondage.

An examination into the condition of the jail at Richmond, by our authorities, showed a number of cases where parties were confined in loathsome cells for no greater offense than stealing a loaf of bread when in a starving condition. In such cases the prisoners were discharged.

A letter written by the rebel Adjutant General Cooper, dated Richmond, April 1st, addressed to his wife at Clifton, Pa., has been intercepted. It is a perfect wall of despair. His wife has asked to come to Richmond, and he answers that it would be inadvisable to come there, as they could not hold the city; that Grant was stretching out for their communications to Richmond, and would be able to seize and hold them. He says President J. F. is becoming aware of the feeble tenure of the city by the rebels, and had sent his family away on the preceding day, March 31. Mrs. Mason, wife of James V. Mason, had fled for safety to Halifax. Mrs. Lee, wife of General Lee was in Richmond, and refused to go away. In conclusion, he said he hadn't a dollar in the world but Confederate money, which was worthless, and starvation stared them in the face.

ABOUT PEACE.

New York, April 8.—The *Post's* special says: "There is no doubt Ex-Senator Hunter and Judge Campbell remained in Richmond to see what could be done about peace. The President will probably soon issue another amnesty proclamation."

New York, April 8.—The New York *Tribune's* special says: "The rumor that the President will offer a general amnesty to the rebel rank and file gains credence in influential quarters. It is known that Secretary Seward was to meet the President at Richmond on the day of his accident, by a summons from the latter. General Grant telegraphed the Secretary of War, requesting that no one be permitted to visit Richmond for the purpose of while rumor a secret hat Commissioners, official or self-constituted, from Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina are in that city, or in conference with the President."

The New York *Times's* Washington special gives an extract from a New Orleans letter, which says that Col. Woolley of the 26th Ohio, arrived at that city a few days ago with important dispatches to the Government from Texas, supposed to look toward a peace movement on the part of that State.

The *Herald's* Washington special says: "The rebel General Barrington has arrived there, and through a written order from President Lincoln had an interview with the Secretary of War."

The New York *Tribune's* Richmond correspondent says: "Among the first to seek an interview with the President at Richmond was Judge Campbell, of Tennessee. He was with him half an hour, and again longer the next day. On the part of the citizens there is generally a disposition to acquiesce in a return to the Union."

THE ALABAMA CAVALRY

Chicago Tribune Report April 8, 1865

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN RICHMOND.

THE DISPOSITION OF THE PEOPLE.

Progress of Abolition Doctrines.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

RICHMOND, VA., April 23, 1865.

A week at the rebel capital has satisfied me that the southern people understand that they must submit to such terms as the government may choose to impose. "You have beaten us," they say, "and we have nothing to do but surrender." But they would fight us again to-morrow, if they had the men and the means. They admit that secession has ruined them, and denounce Davis with the utmost bitterness, but if success were possible, they would follow him all the same. This is more especially true of the once wealthy classes, who cannot bear the thought of coming down from their lofty heights to the dead level of free society. There is undoubtedly a great deal of suffering among people of this class. We saw in our rambles about the burnt district scores of men, who, once worth their tens of thousands, are now penniless, having lost everything in the fire. Many of them are poorly clad, and all wear a subdued, haggard look. It is truly painful to see them searching the ruins of their stores and factories, as if hoping to find, somehow, the fortunes they have lost. If you ask them whom they blame for their misfortunes, they uniformly reply: "The leaders;" and in almost every instance round off their answers with curses of Davis and his associates. Ewell is equally unpopular, though it is said that in setting fire to the city he only obeyed the orders of Breckinridge. Ewell is a thin, sa low-laced man, rather tall, with closely trimmed hair, and always carries his crutches, although supplied with a wooden substitute for the leg he lost in battle.

Among the masses of the people there has been widespread suffering for a year past. Thousands have been without any regular means of support. I have found but a single man belonging to the laboring class who is not penniless; he had six dollars in gold and half a barrel of flour. For the week ending on the 14th instant, over seventeen thousand ration tickets were issued by the relief committee, and it is said that the number of persons who now receive help in some form is almost equal to the entire original population of the city.

SUFFERINGS OF THE LOYALISTS.

The genuine Union men of the city have suffered peculiar hardships under the Davis rule. Scores of them have lived in cellars and other out-of-the-way places, in order to escape the conscription—being surreptitiously supplied with provisions by their friends. These men are now coming out into the light, and seem, in their relief from restraint and anxiety, to have stepped into a new life. You can imagine that they are anything else than advocates of mercy to the rebel leaders; they want justice, stern, searching and inexorable. These are the men we must consult in the work of rehabilitating the South; they must never again be handed over to the "tender mercies" of the aristocratic classes, of whom ex-Judge John A. Campbell is a representative. This man Campbell, by the way, is an unmitigated traitor, and it is fortunate that the lamented President discovered his duplicity in time.

I have it from one who was told by Mr. Lincoln himself, that the report made by Campbell to the southern people of the incidents of the Hampton Roads conference, and especially as to the expressions of the President, was false from beginning to end—the facts being obviously perverted for the purpose of inflaming the southern mind afresh. Yet this man had the impudence to tell Mr. Lincoln, recently, that he must take into his counsels Virginians like himself, if he desired to succeed in the work of "reconstruction!" He did not deceive the good and true man who now lies cold

in death; and if there is any justice in the land, he will yet suffer the penalty due his treason and unscrupulous falsehood.

GENERAL LEE.

General Lee is living in seclusion, and no one seems to know anything as to his purposes. He is popular with the people, and the rebel soldiery especially hold him in the very highest esteem, considering him the greatest captain of the age. It is difficult to see, however, wherein his generalship has consisted; hardly any general could have failed to do all that Lee has done, behind the unequalled defences of Richmond and Petersburg. Outside of these defences, in every aggressive movement he ever made, disaster was always his lot. Some of our officers here, when the rebel general returned to the city, were at some pains to doff their hats as he walked the streets, out of respect, as they said, to his genius; but the number of these dunkeys is not great, and it is to be hoped the breed will soon become altogether extinct. General Lee is a traitor without cause or excuse, and any man who goes out on his way to pay him deference, does both a foolish and a wicked thing.

ABOLITION.

I was privileged to listen this morning to a discussion, in front of the Spottawood House, which illustrated in a striking manner the "march of opinion." Four years ago it would have been unsafe to preach abolition doctrine right in the heart of Richmond, but that was the doctrine I heard proclaimed to-day in presence of a delighted audience. It came about in this way: A civilian visitor, getting into conversation with a young southerner, returned some remark in favor of the negro. It was resented by the stripling, who carried a nimble tongue, whereupon the other declared with emphasis that the loyal blacks were "better men than white traitors, any day." The youth, flushing up, said he wouldn't submit to such language; it was ungenerous to insult men who acknowledged themselves beaten. "But I tell you," said the other, "you shall submit to it; I've come down here for the express purpose of saying in Richmond what I have always been free to say in New York. You are worse than your slaves; you are even worse than the savages of middle Africa, and I'll prove it. These savages are fond of making trinkets from the bones of their victims. So are you. Didn't you roast the flesh from the bones of our dead soldiers at Bull Run to make finger rings and parlor ornaments for your rebel Jezebels? The savages of Africa have a fondness for drinking from the skulls of those they have slain in battle, or slaughtered for their feasts. Haven't you done the same thing? In Central Africa the negroes divide themselves into small tribes, each warring against the other, and each boasting an absolute sovereignty. Haven't you been trying to cut up the Union into petty sovereignties, each state striving for an exclusive dominion? Don't you aim, just as the savages of Africa do, to put the weak under the feet of the strong; don't you oppress the defenceless; haven't you starved our prisoners and murdered in cold blood women and children, for no other cause than loyalty? Cannibals of Ethiopia are shrouded in ignorance, but you have sinned in the face of light and knowledge; you have known better, but refused to be human, just because slavery, your nursing mother, was born in the lap of the devil, and feeds her children on hell-broth!"

That was strong talk for Richmond, but it was listened to by a sidewalk audience of two or three hundred persons—soldiers and others—and was actually applauded. The young southerner stamped, raved and swore, but it was of no use; his tormentor was pitiless, and when the crowd opened to let the victim pass, he shot away as if a forty-pound ball was at his back! It will take some time for this dose, administered by a northern "fanatic," to accomplish a perfect digestion.

THE NEGROES.

The negroes here appear to appreciate their

suddenly acquired freedom, and will show themselves able to take care of their own future, if afforded proper opportunities for intellectual improvements. The more intelligent among them represent that after the bill providing for placing blacks in the army had passed the rebel Congress, a secret league was formed among them, with the understanding that, if forced into the service, they would acquaint themselves with the use of arms, and then go over, as opportunity offered, to the federals, whom they were sworn, in any case, never to harm.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Business is beginning to improve; some classes of goods are already plenty, but there is a deficiency of staple groceries and of fancy articles of whatever description. The markets are tolerably well supplied with fish; you can purchase shad almost as cheaply here as in Fulton market. Large numbers of men, without other employment, are engaged in fishing on the James.

The provost-marshal has wisely closed all the liquor saloons of the city, and stopped the sale of intoxicating drinks to soldiers as well as citizens.

The railroads are being put in running order, that extending to Fredericksburg is already operated so far out as the South Anna River, to which point two trains run daily. All the roads are so far under military direction, and passengers seem to be carried without compensation—at least I have not in any case been troubled for either fare or ticket.

I have to record an extraordinary instance of faith in the rebel currency. Yesterday a boy picked out of the rubbish of one of the banks a one thousand dollar Confederate treasury note, which had in some way escaped destruction. A bystander offered the lad ten cents in federal currency for his prize, but the premium was indignantly refused! Had the lad been two or three years older, perhaps he would not have exhibited such unlimited confidence in the rebel promise to pay.

THE EUROPEAN PRESS ON THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

Our files of European papers have come to land, and we lay before our readers some of the most interesting comments on the great events in this country. The London *Spectator* says: "Other things fell on the 4th of April besides Richmond, and among them the belief that the few may once more hope to govern the world in the interest of themselves."

In another place the same staunch friend of the United States adds:

"The topic of the week has been the attitude of the North. The great democracy has come well out of its hour of supreme trial. Through four long years of defeat and discouragement, and feverish effort, amidst the execrations of its foes and the rebuffings of many of its friends, the republic has fought on, opposing to the superior organization of an oligarchy the strength which springs of freedom, and meeting incessant failure with the Anglo-Saxon persistence which the world mistakes for vanity. And now the game is won, and in its first hour of triumph, with the smoke still hovering over the field and the lists of its dead not yet made up, it is singing psalms to God, pronouncing peace to all mankind, proclaiming freedom to all slaves, and crying to its rulers to issue complete and unpurchased amnesties. The emotion may not last, though we think it will, but the future of a people whose uncalculating emotion in the hour of defeat is to boast of their invincibility, and in the moment of triumph to ask pardon for their foes, must be a grand one. Since the men of the barricades shot their comrades for plundering, democracy has given no sign so full of promise as the conduct of the American people after the fall of Richmond."

The *Saturday Review*, which has so often glorified the slaveholders, and almost weekly written the epitaph of the Union, cannot discuss the news with its usual self-possession. It is as unprincipled as the London *Times*—but not as adroit in turning from one side to the other. It says:

"On the whole, the chances are in favor of an early restoration of peace. Traders in all parts of the world will anxiously watch the prospects of cotton cultivation, and philanthropists of different sects will have the opportunity of studying the effects of universal emancipation on the negroes. The process in which foreigners are most immediately interested will be the more or less complete absorption of the disbanded soldiery in the pursuits of industry. If American writers and orators are to be believed, the first result of peace will be some external war, voluntarily undertaken for purposes of revenge or ambition. It is fortunately permissible to doubt both the sincerity and the foresight of those who make it their business to gratify popular vanity. High wages and large profits will compete effectually with the love of military glory, especially as the national appetite for boasting is provided with abundant sustenance to last through the present generation. If there are any honest statesmen in the United States, they will be concerned to prove that the triumph of the federal arms is not an unmixt misfortune to mankind."

The *Saturday Review*, in its rage at the defeat of its friends, tries to stir up bad blood between England and America, by inexcusable misrepresentations:

"The great material strength and the intoxicating military success of a community which seems, through its press and by its elections, to disclaim all moral responsibility, are not encouraging objects of contemplation. Mr. Seward has characteristically improved the occasion by announcing that, on certain unexpressed conditions his government will not perpetrate the profligate outrage of invading Canada. It would, indeed, have been surprising if the occupation of Richmond had not been followed by fresh insults to England."

The Austrian journal *Die Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, says:

"The Liverpool telegraph could not bring us any more joyful holiday intelligence than the great news that the most formidable and last bulwark of the Southern Confederation has at last been taken. Since the 3d instant the starry banner has waved from the steeples of Petersburg and Richmond."

"Perhaps even within a few days we shall receive the news that Jefferson Davis, that great criminal, has carried his head, which totters on his shoulders now, to England."

"And let no one imagine that their work of vengeance will begin on the still reeking battle-

fields. As the war has been carried on for four years without the freedom of the press, the right of holding meetings, or personal liberty being interfered with, so it will end without reprisals being taken on the vanquished or their European accomplices. * * * What many expected, and what we never feared, that the Americans, after conquering the secession, would call England to account, there is no reason for believing from the intelligence from Washington."

"The naval power of America, whom this war has made so fearfully conscious of her resources, will be felt quite enough without any declaration of war against France and England; and in particular the re-entrance of this important agent into the transaction of the affairs of the world will put a bridle on the policy of the Tulleries which can only be accompanied by the best results for the preservation of European peace."

The London *Review* is as bitterly disgusted as the *Saturday Review*, but its temper is less furious than melancholy:

"For hopeless any further stand must be. It is of no use attempting to conceal that fact from ourselves. Had Lee retreated with an un-

broken army to the hilly districts of Virginia, he might have carried on the war for some time; but, as it is, he can do nothing. We may as well at once make our minds to the speedy restoration of federal rule over the whole of the former United States. We once had an opportunity of creating a balance of power on the American continent: we might have gained for England a grateful, faithful and powerful ally in the Southern Confederacy. We might even have done so without any risk; because, if we had acted in combination with France when she requested our co-operation, the North must have acquiesced in any terms of peace which the western nations had chosen to impose. Considerations of humanity and of interest alike impelled us to intervene. For we might have stayed a devastating war and have secured, once for all, the safety of our Canadian possessions. Unfortunately these are not the days of far-seeing statesmanship."

"One poor consolation will remain to us. We have constantly pointed out that the conquest of the South was fraught with the most imminent danger to this country. And whatever may happen in that day of northern insolence and power which is fast approaching, we at least shall be able to reflect with satisfaction, that it is no fault of ours if those who have long had the will, should be found in possession of the power, to insult and injure England."

Le Temps of Paris, a liberal journal, says:

"The decisive news from the United States will mark one of the most important dates in the nineteenth century and in all history. It is impossible to exaggerate its importance. It is not only the probable speedy end of a war, the duration and ravages of which afflict humanity, and the remote effects of which have been so painfully felt by Europe; it is not only the happy, although dearly bought extirpation of slavery; it is a victory of incalculable import for the liberal interests of the whole world."

"The United States will come through this crisis, not weakened and diminished, but tempered and greater, with a debt such as they never thought of, but which they will support legally, and with a new consciousness of their greatness and solidity. They have expended forces, and even been wasteful of resources in such a way as history has never seen; they have carried on peaceful works in the midst of a frightful war; their institutions, said to be so brittle, have not suffered, and they in the end found great and victorious generals who have saved the country without interfering with political liberties. Slavery is dead, the republic is standing, and civil war, instead of having ruined liberty, has served and strengthened it. Such results are new in history, and great and happy is the nation which has been able to introduce them into it."

The London *Index*, special organ of the late Confederates, is not at all discouraged, and in two long articles proves conclusively that Lee evacuated Richmond at his own will, brought off his army intact, and is now ready to recommence the war in a new style, and more vigorously than ever. The *Index* says:

"So far, then, from the evacuation of Richmond stifling the hopes of the southern people, it will rekindle confidence and arouse afresh the activity of the widely scattered populations which complained, not altogether without the semblance of cause, of being sacrificed to a mistaken point of honor."

"We use the term evacuation advisedly, for it was a deliberate act, carefully prepared, and carried out with consummate skill. Even in the pyrotechnic light of federal accounts, the fact shines out clear and distinct, that the assailants, repeatedly repulsed with heavy loss, became aware of the empty prize within their grasp only by the

disappearance of the thin rear-guard which had held them at bay. So vast a work could not be done in the face of a superior force except under cover of a battle."

"Overmatched as the Confederacy is in numbers and resources, it is only by mobilizing its armies, and giving them, so to speak, ubiquity, that it can hope in some degree to equalize the contest; and in the happy combination of audacity and prudence which this mode of warfare requires, General Lee has proved himself to have no living superior. He has a military chest of about \$3,000,000 in gold, furnished by the Richmond banks, and with this he can assuredly do in a loyal country what even an enemy boasts of having done, and, at all events, the subsistence of his army must be less difficult than in a beleaguered city. Nor need we have any uneasiness about his arsenals and stores. The Confederate armies are at present better equipped than during the first three years of the war, and with the exception of heavy artillery, which is now no longer needed, have always looked to the enemy's well-provided trains as their chief source of supplies."

"When the curtain again rises it will be upon that second stage of the war which we have of late constantly foreshadowed in these columns—a stage upon which we look hopefully because it gives the Confederates for the first time the full benefit of their vast territory, scattered population and fertile soil, all of which have heretofore served the enemy more than themselves; and it inaugurates tactics of all other best adapted to their genius, and least to that of their adversary."

The *Index* before this time has doubtless shut up shop.

The Paris *Journal des Débats* says:

"Thus will finish, after four years of struggle, one of the most cruel and deplorable wars of modern times—to speak with respect not to the effects (as the necessary consequence will be the extinction of slavery) but with respect to the immediate causes. The obstinacy and haughty avidity of some few men have let loose this scourge on the American continent. It will be those blind, ill-advised men, from the point of view of their own interests, who will bear the responsibility of the blood which has been shed. Instead of accepting a social transformation which had become inevitable, instead of making a compromise and accepting good conditions, they preferred referring the matter to the sword, and the sword has answered. For our part, notwithstanding the real satisfaction we experience at the triumph of the North, we cannot forget the many cruel ills brought on a people which has at all times been the ally of France—so much public disaster, so much private sorrow. But as the crisis was to come with violence, instead of being averted by wisdom and moderation, we are glad it has not been fruitless, and that the salutary example has been given to the world of the agreement of power and legality."

The New Castle *Chronicle*, a local journal representing the sentiments of English workmen, says:

"Richmond has fallen. The main army of the slaveholders is flying before the victorious legions of the republic. Davis and the desperate band of reckless, resolute and unscrupulous rebels are fugitives. Their daring effort to destroy the government founded by Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, and their noble coadjutors, has signally failed; and every sincere and intelligent sympathizer with freedom the world over will rejoice at their defeat. Never since the news of the destruction of the Bastille reached this country has more glorious tidings been published than that of the fall of the slave-breeder's capital. The storming of this hated French prison marked an epoch in the history of the grand struggle for political freedom initiated in Paris, and the fall of the chief city of the American man-stealers will mark an era in that great social conflict upon which the civilized world has entered."

The President Visits Richmond.

No guard of honor, no grand display of troops, no assembling of an eager multitude to welcome him.

He entered the city unheralded; six sailors, armed with carbines, stepped upon the shore, followed by the President, who held his little son by the hand, and Admiral Porter; the officers followed, and six more sailors brought up the rear. The writer of this article was there upon the spot, and, joining the party, became an observer of the memorable event.

There were forty or fifty freedmen, who had been sole possessors of themselves for twenty-four hours, at work on the bank of the canal, securing some floating timber, under the direction of a Lieutenant. Somehow they obtained the information that the man who was head and shoulders taller than all others around him, with features large and irregular, with a mild eye and pleasant countenance, was President Lincoln.

"God bless you, Sah!" said one, taking off his cap and bowing very low.

"Hurrah! hurrah! President Linkum hab come!" was the shout which rang through the street.

The Lieutenant found himself without a command. What cared those freedmen, fresh from the house of bondage, for floating timber or military commands? Their deliverer had come,—he who, next to the Lord Jesus, was their best friend! It was not an hurrah that they gave, but a wild, jubilant cry of inexpressible joy.

They gathered round the President, ran ahead, hovered upon the flanks of the little company, and hung like a dark cloud upon the rear. Men, women, and children joined the constantly increasing throng. They came from all the by-streets, running in breathless haste, shouting and hallooing and dancing with delight. The men threw up their hats, the women waved their bonnets and handkerchiefs, clapped their hands, and sang, "Glory to God! glory! glory! glory!"—rendering all the praise to God, who had heard their wailings in the past, their moanings for wives, husbands, children, and friends sold out of their sight, had given them freedom, and, after long years of waiting, had permitted them thus unexpectedly to behold the face of their great benefactor.

"I thank you, dear Jesus, that I behold President Linkum!" was the exclamation of a woman who stood upon the threshold of her humble home, and with streaming eyes and clasped hands gave thanks aloud to the Saviour of men.

Another, more demonstrative in her joy, was jumping and striking her hands with all her might, crying,—
"Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord!"

"Bless de Lord!" as if there could be no end of her thanksgiving.

The air rang with a tumultuous chorus of voices. The street became almost impassable on account of the increasing multitude. Soldiers were summoned to clear the way. How strange the event! The President of the United States—he who had been hated, despised, maligned above all other men living, to whom the vilest epithets had been applied by the people of Richmond—was walking their streets, receiving thanksgivings, blessings, and praises from thousands who hailed him as the ally of the Messiah! How bitter the reflections of that moment to some who beheld him!—memory running back, perhaps, to that day in May, 1861, when Jefferson Davis, their President, entered the city,—the pageant of that hour, his speech, his promise to smite the smiter, to drench the fields of Virginia with richer blood than that shed at Buena Vista! How that part of the promise had been kept!—how their sons, brothers, and friends had fallen!—how all else predicted had failed!—how the land had been filled with mourning!—how the State had become a desolation!—how their property, their hoarded wealth, had disappeared! They had been invited to a gorgeous banquet; the fruit was fair to the eye, of golden hue and beautiful; but it had turned to ashes. They had been promised a place among the nations, a position of commanding influence and fame. Cotton was the king of kings, and England, France, and the whole civilized world would bow in humble submission to his Majesty. That was the promise; but now their king was dethroned, their government overthrown, their President and his cabinet vagrants, driven from house and home to be wanderers upon the earth. They had been promised affluence, Richmond was to be the metropolis of the Confederacy, and Virginia the all-powerful State of the new nation. How terrible the cheat! Their thousand-dollar bonds were not worth a penny. A million dollars would not purchase a dinner. Their money was valueless, their slaves were freemen, the heart of their city was eaten out. They had been cheated in everything. Those whom they had trusted had given the unkindest cut of all,—adding arson and robbery to their other crimes. Thus had they fallen from highest anticipation of bliss to deepest actual woe. The language of the Arch-Rebel of the universe, in "Paradise Lost," was most appropriate to them:—

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat,
That we must change for heaven, this mournful
gloom
For that celestial light?"

Abraham Lincoln was walking their streets; and, worst of all, that plain, honest-hearted man was recognizing the "niggers" as human beings by returning their salutations! The walk was long, and the President halted a moment to rest. "May de good Lord bless you, President Linkum!" said an old negro, removing his hat, and bowing with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks. The President removed his own hat, and bowed in silence; but it was a bow which upset the forms, laws, customs, and ceremonies of centuries. It was a death-shock to chivalry, and a mortal wound to caste. Recognize a nigger! Faugh! A woman in an adjoining house beheld it, and turned from the scene in unspeakable disgust. There were men in the crowd who had daggers in their eyes; but the chosen assassin was not there, the hour for the damning work had not come, and that great-hearted man passed on to the executive mansion of the late Confederacy.

Want of space compels us to pass over other scenes,—the visit of the President to the State-House,—the jubilant shouts of the crowd,—the rush of freedmen into the Capitol grounds, where, till the appearance of their deliverer, they had never been permitted to enter,—the ride of the President through the streets,—his visit to Libby Prison,—the distribution of bread to the destitute,—the groups of heart-broken men amid the ruins, who beheld nought but ruins,—a ruined city, a ruined State, a ruined Confederacy, a ruined people,—ruined in hopes and expectations,—ruined for the past, the present, and the future,—without power, influence, or means of beginning life anew,—deceived, subjugated, humiliated,—poverty-stricken in everything. All that they had possessed was irretrievably lost, and they had nothing to show for it. All their heroism, valor, courage, hardship, suffering, expenditure of treasure, and sacrifice of blood had availed them nothing. There could be no comfort in their mourning, no alleviation to their sorrow.

Forgetting that Justice is the mightiest power of the universe, that Righteousness is eternal, and that anything short of it is transitory, they planned a gorgeous edifice with Slavery for its corner-stone; but suddenly, and in an hour, their superstructure and foundation crumbled. They grasped at dominion, and sank in perdition.

But the Farmer flung back the false words in his face:
 "He is none of my race, who gives counsel so base!
 Now let loose the hound!" And the hound was unbound,
 And like lightning the heart of the traitor he found.

"So rapine and treason forever shall cease!"
 And they wash the stained fleece of the pale lamb of Peace;
 When, lo! a strong angel stands wingèd and white
 In a wonderful raiment of ravishing light!

Peace is raised from the dead! In the radiance shed
 By the halo of glory that shines round her head,
 Fair gardens shall bloom where the black jungle grew,
 And all the glad valley shall blossom anew!

LATE SCENES IN RICHMOND.

IN the July (1864) number of this magazine there is an article entitled "The May Campaign in Virginia," which gives an outline of the operations of the Army of the Potomac in its march from its encampment on the Rapidan, through the tangled thickets of the Wilderness, to the bloody fields of Spottsylvania, across the North Anna, to the old battle-ground of Cold Harbor. The closing paragraph of that article is an appropriate introduction to the present. It is as follows:—

"The line of advance taken by General Grant turned the Rebels from Washington. The country over which the two armies marched is a desolation. There is no subsistence remaining. The railroads are destroyed. Lee has no longer the power to invade the North. On the other hand, General Grant can swing upon the James, and isolate the Rebel army from direct communication with the South. That accomplished, and, sooner or later, with Hunter in the Shenandoah, with Union cavalry sweeping down to Wilmington, Weldon, and Danville, and up to the Blue Ridge, cutting railroads, burning bridges, destroying supplies of ammunition and provisions, the question with Lee must be, not one of earthworks and cannon and powder and ball, but of subsistence.

Plainly, the day is approaching when the Army of the Potomac, unfortunate at times in the past, derided, ridiculed, but now triumphant through unparalleled hardship, endurance, courage, persistency, will plant its banners on the defences of Richmond, crumble the Rebel army beyond the possibility of future cohesion, and, in conjunction with the forces in other departments, crush out the last vestige of the Rebellion."

So it has proved. The railroads are destroyed, the bridges burned, the supplies of ammunition and provision exhausted; the flag of the Union floats over the city which the Rebels have called their capital; the troops of the Union patrol the streets of Richmond, and occupy all the principal towns of Virginia; Lee's army has melted away, and the power of the Rebellion is broken.

Before entering upon a narration of the campaign of a week which gave us Richmond and the Rebel army at the same time, it will widen our scope of vision to inquire

HOW RICHMOND BECAME THE CAPITAL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

On the 17th of April, 1861, Virginia in Convention passed an Ordinance of

Secession. The Convention, when elected on the 4th of February preceding, was largely Anti-Secession; but the events which had taken place,—the firing on Sumter, its surrender, with the machinations of the leaders of Secession,—their misrepresentations of the North, of what Mr. Lincoln would do,—their promises that there would be no war, that the Yankees would not fight,—their bullyings when they could not cajole, their threatenings when they could not intimidate,—their rejoicings at the bloodless victory won by South Carolina, single-handed, over a starved garrison,—their bonfires and illuminations, their baskets of Champagne and bottles of whiskey,—all of these forces combined were sufficient to carry the Ordinance of Secession through the Convention. But it was hampered by a proviso submitting it to the people for ratification on the Fourth Thursday of May following.

John Letcher was Governor of Virginia. Weak in intellect, grovelling in his tastes, often drunk, rarely sober, at times making such beastly exhibition of himself that the Richmond press pronounced him a public nuisance, he was a fit tool of the Secession conspirators. Ready to do what he could to commit the State to overt acts against the United States Government, on the evening after the passage of the Ordinance he issued orders to the State militia around Winchester to seize the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry,—on his own sole responsibility, and without a shadow of authority from the people of the State, inaugurating civil war, a proceeding which he followed up directly afterwards by proclaiming Virginia a member of the Confederacy, and thus carrying the State at once out of the Union, without awaiting the formality of a popular vote.

Already the intentions of the Confederate Government were manifest.

"I prophesy that the flag which now flaunts the breeze here will float over the old Capitol in Washington before the first of May," said Mr. L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, the evening after

the fall of Sumter, to a crazy crowd in Montgomery, then the Rebel capital.

"From the mountain-tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington City at all and every human hazard. That filthy cage of unclean birds must and will assuredly be purified by fire," shouted John Mitchell, through the "Richmond Examiner," on the 23d of April.

"Washington City will soon be too hot to hold Abraham Lincoln and his Government," wrote the editor of the "Raleigh Standard" on the 24th.

"We are in lively hope, that, before three months roll by, the Government, Congress, Departments and all, will have been removed to the present Federal capital," wrote the Montgomery correspondent of the "Charleston Courier" on the 28th of the same month.

"We are not in the secrets of our authorities enough to specify the day on which Jeff Davis will dine at the White House, and Ben McCullough take his siesta in General Sickles's gilded tent. We should not like to produce any disappointment by naming too soon or too early a day; but it will save trouble, if the gentlemen will keep themselves in readiness to dislodge at a moment's notice," said the "Richmond Whig" on the 22d of May.

The Rebel Congress had already adjourned, and was on its way to Richmond. Not only Congress, but all the Departments, were on the move, intending to tarry at Richmond but a day or two, till General Scott, and Abraham Lincoln, and the Yankees, who were swarming into Washington, were driven out. Thus Richmond became, though only temporarily, as all hands in the South supposed, the capital of the Confederacy.

A week later Jeff Davis was welcomed to Richmond by the people, says Pollard, the author of the "Southern History of the War," an implacable hater of the North, "with a burst of genuine joy and enthusiasm to which none of the military pageants of the North could furnish a parallel." Pres-

ident Davis, in response to the call of the populace, made a speech, in which he said, —

"When the time and occasion serve, we shall smite the smiter with manly arms, as did our fathers before us, and as becomes their sons. To the enemy we leave the base *acts of the assassin and incendiary*; to them we leave it to insult helpless women: to us belongs vengeance upon men. We will make the battle-fields in Virginia another Buena Vista, drenched with more precious blood than flowed there."

But Colonel Robert E. Lee, who was in command of the Rebel forces in Virginia, was not quite ready to take Washington; and so the Rebel Congress commenced its sessions in the State capital. Mr. Memminger set up his printing-presses, and issued his promises to pay the debts of the Confederacy two years after the treaty of peace with the United States; Mr. Mallory began to consider how to construct rams; while Mr. Toombs, and his successor, Mr. Benjamin, wrote letters of instruction from the State Department to Rebel agents in Europe, and looked longingly and expectantly for immediate recognition of the Confederacy as an independent power among the nations.

The sleepy city awoke to a new life. Regiments of infantry came pouring in, not only from the hills and valleys of the Old Dominion, but from every nook and corner of the Confederate States, — the Palmetto Guards, Marion Rifles, Jeff-Davis Grays, Whippy-Swamp Grenadiers, Chickasaw Braves, Tigers, Dare-Devils, and Yankee-Butchers, — fired with patriotism and whiskey, proud to be in Richmond, to march through its streets, beneath the flags wrought by the fair ladies of the sunny South, for whom each man had sworn to kill a Yankee! Lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels, and generals, glittering with golden stars, with clanking sabres, and twinkling spurs, thronged the hotels in all the pomp of modern chivalry. With the marching of troops, and the gathering of men from every precinct of the

Confederacy in search of official position in the bureaux or to obtain contracts from Government, — with the rush and whirl of business, and the inflation of prices of all commodities, — with the stream of gayety and fashion attendant upon the Confederate court, where Mrs. Jefferson Davis was queen-regnant, — with its gilded drinking-saloons and gambling-hells, — Richmond became a Babylon.

"ON TO RICHMOND!"

It was a natural cry, that slogan of the North in the early months of the war; for, in ordinary warfare, to capture an enemy's capital is equivalent to conquering a peace. It was thought that the taking of Richmond would be the end of the Rebellion. Time has disabused us of this idea. To have taken Richmond in 1861 would only have been the repacking of the Department trunks for Montgomery or some other convenient Southern city. The vitality of the Rebellion existed not in cities, towns, or capitals, but in that which could die only by annihilation, — Human Slavery. That was and is the "original sin" of the Rebellion, — the total depravity and innate heinousness, to use theological terminology, without which there could not have been treason, secession, and rebellion.

But forgetting all this, — looking constantly at effect, without searching for cause, — hearing only the drum-beat of the armed legions of the South mustering for the overthrow of the nation, — wilfully shutting our ears to the clanking of the chains of the slave-coffle, — deaf to the prayer, "How long, O Lord?" uttered morning, noon, and night by men and women who were turned back to bondage from our lines, — forgetting that Justice and Right are the foundations of the throne of God, — the army of General McDowell marched confidently out to Bull Run on its way to Richmond, and returned to Washington defeated, routed, disorganized, humiliated. And yet we now see that to the South

the victory which set the whole Confederacy on flame was a defeat, and to the North that which seemed an overwhelming disaster was a triumph; for so God changes the warp and woof of human events. The Southern leaders became over-confident. They could have taken Washington, but did not make the attempt to do so till the golden moment had passed, never to return. "We have let Washington slip through our fingers," was the bitter lamentation of the "Richmond Examiner," a few days after the Battle of Bull Run,—after the second uprising of the people to save the Union.

When God takes a proud and wayward nation in hand, and instructs it by the hard lessons of adversity,—by plans overthrown, ambition checked, pride humiliated, and hopes disappointed,—lessons which wring tears from the eyes of widows and orphans, and by which men in the prime of life are bowed down to the grave with grief for sons slain in battle,—He does it for a great purpose. But the nation was blind to the moral of the terrible lesson. We are slow to receive and accept eternal truths. And so, instead of aiming at Slavery as the life of the Rebellion, McClellan marched up the Peninsula through the mud to capture Richmond, and conquer a peace simply by taking the Rebel capital. He was learned in military lore, had visited Europe, and made war after the European pattern. But in a war of ideas and principles, the mere taking of an enemy's capital cannot end the contest. In such a strife there is the war of invisible forces,—the marshalling of Cherubim and Seraphim against rebellious hosts,—the old contest of the heavenly fields renewed on earth.

The nation was long in awaking to the consciousness that driving Lee out of Richmond would not end the Rebellion. It was more than this: it was a casting-out of prejudice, a discarding of political chicanery and a time-serving policy, and a recognition of Justice, Right, and Freedom as the true elements of political economy. There was

an increasing desire on the part of the people to root out Slavery from American soil.

It will be for the future historian to trace the providential dealings of God with the nation, and to show how far and in what degree the failure of Burnside at Fredericksburg and of Hooker at Chancellorsville was affected by the want of moral perceptions on the part of the army and of the people at that stage of the war: for there were thousands of officers and soldiers at that time who were not willing to fight by the side of a negro. We have not advanced far enough even now to allow the colored man full privileges of citizenship. We are willing that he should be a soldier, carry a gun, and fire a bullet at the enemy; but are we willing that he should march up to the ballot-box, and fire a peaceful ballot against the same enemy? Strange incongruity!

The colored men of Richmond, of Charleston, of Savannah, of all the South, have been and are now the true Union men of the seceded States. When or where have they raised their hands against the Union? They have fought for the flag of the Union, and have earned by their patriotism and valor a name and a place in history. Citizenship is theirs by natural right; besides, they have earned it. Make the freedman a voter, a land-owner, a taxpayer, permit him to sue and be sued, give him in every respect free franchise, and the recompense will be security, peace, and prosperity. Anything less than absolute right will sooner or later bring trouble in its train. Now, in this day of settlement, this reconstruction of the nation, this renewal of life, it is the privilege of America to become the world's great teacher and benefactor.

After the disaster at Chancellorsville, there came a season of sober reflection, and men began to understand that this is God's war. Then there came a commander who believed that the power of the Rebellion lay not in Richmond, but in the Rebel army, and that the taking of Richmond was altogether a secondary consideration,—that the only

way of subduing the Rebellion was to fight it down. He was ready to employ soldiers of every hue. This brings us to consider

HOW RICHMOND WAS TAKEN.

GENERAL GRANT, fresh from his great success at Vicksburg and Chattanooga, having shown that he had military genius of a high order, was created Lieutenant-General, and appointed to the command of all the armies of the Union in the field. It was the beginning of a new *régime*. Up to that time there had been little concert of action between commanders. The armies lacked a head. The President, General Halleck, Secretary Stanton, had ideas of their own upon the best methods and plans for conducting the war. Department commanders worked at cross purposes. Each officer in the field naturally looked upon his sphere of action as the most important of all, and each had his own plan of operations to lay before the Secretary of War. A million men were tugging manfully at the Car of Freedom, which was at a standstill, or moved only by inches, because they had no head. But when the President appointed General Grant to the command, he gave up his own plans, while General Halleck became a subordinate. The department commanders found all their plans set aside. There was not merely concert of action, but unity of action, under the controlling force of an imperial will.

In the article entitled "The May Campaign in Virginia," the movements of the Army of the Potomac, from the Rapidan to Cold Harbor, are given. It is not intended in the present article to dwell in detail upon all the subsequent movements of that army and its allies, the Armies of the James and the Shenandoah. Volumes are needed to narrate the operations around Petersburg,—the battles fought on the 18th and 19th of June east of that city,—the struggles for the Weldon Railroad,—the movements between the James and the Appomattox,

and north of the James,—the failure in the springing of the mine,—the march of the Fifth Corps to Stony Creek,—the battles between the Weldon Road and Hatcher's Run,—the many contests, sharp, fierce, and bloody, between the opposing lines, whenever an attempt was made by either army to erect new works,—the fights on Hatcher's Run,—the attack upon Fort Harrison, north of the James,—the successive attempts of each commander to break the lines of the other, ending with the Fort Stedman affair, the last offensive effort of General Lee. The new campaign which was inaugurated the next day after the attack on Fort Stedman compelled the Rebel chief to stand wholly on the defensive.

The appointment of General Grant to the command of all the armies was not only the beginning of a new *régime*, but the adoption of a new idea,—that Lee's army was the objective point, rather than the city of Richmond.

"The power of the Rebellion lies in the Rebel army," said General Grant to the writer one evening in June last. We had been conversing upon Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing. One by one his staff officers dropped off to their own tents, and we were alone. It was a quiet, starlit night. The Lieutenant-General was enjoying his fragrant Havana cigar, and was in a mood for conversation, not upon what he was going to do, but upon what had been done. He is always wisely reticent upon the present and future, but agreeably communicative upon what has passed into history.

"I have lost a good many men since the army left the Rapidan, but there was no help for it. The Rebel army must be destroyed before we can put down the Rebellion," he continued.*

There was a disposition at that time on the part of the disloyal press of the North to bring General Grant into bad odor. He was called "The Butcher." Even some Republican Congressmen

* I write from memory, not pretending to give the exact words uttered during the conversation.

were ready to demand his removal. General Grant alluded to it and said,—

“God knows I don’t want to see men slaughtered; but we have appealed to arms, and we have got to fight it out.”

He had already given public utterance to the expression,—“I intend to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.”

Referring to the successive flank movements which had been made, from the Rapidan to the Wilderness, to Spottsylvania, to the North Anna, to the Chickahominy, to Petersburg, he said,—

“My object has been to get between Lee and his southern communications.”

At that time the Weldon Road was in the hands of the enemy, and Early was on a march down the Valley, towards Washington. This movement was designed to frighten Grant and send him back by steamboat to defend the capital; but the Sixth Corps only was sent, while the troops remaining still kept pressing on in a series of flank movements, which resulted in the seizure of the Weldon Road. That was the most damaging blow which Lee had received. He made desperate efforts to recover what had been lost, but in vain. It was the beginning of the end. Then the public generally could see the meaning of General Grant’s strategy,—that the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and all the terrible battles which had been fought, were according to a plan, which, if carried out, must end in victory. The Richmond newspapers, which had ridiculed the campaign, and had found an echo in the disloyal press of the North, began to discuss the question of supplies; and to keep their courage up, they indulged in boastful declarations that the Southside Railroad never could be taken.

The march of Sherman from Atlanta to Savannah and through South Carolina, destroying railroads and supplies,—the taking of Wilmington,—Sheridan’s movement from Winchester up the Valley of the Shenandoah, striking the James River Canal and the Central Railroad, and then the transfer of his whole force from the White House to

the left flank of the Army of the Potomac,—were parts of a well matured design to weaken Lee’s army.

Everything was ready for the final blow. The forces of General Grant were disposed as follows. The Army of the James, composed of the Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth Corps, and commanded by General Ord, was north of the James River, its right flank resting near the old battle-field of Glendale, and its left flank on the Appomattox. The Ninth Army Corps—the right wing of the Army of the Potomac—was next in line, then the Sixth, and then the Second, its left resting on Hatcher’s Run. The Fifth was in rear of the Second. The line thus held was nearly forty miles in length, defended on the front and rear by strong earthworks and abatis.

General Grant’s entire force could not have been much less than a hundred and thirty thousand, including Sheridan’s cavalry, the force at City Point, and the provisional brigade at Fort Powhatan. Lee’s whole force was not far from seventy thousand,—or seventy-five thousand, including the militia of Richmond and Petersburg; but he was upon the defensive, and held an interior and shorter line.

The work which General Grant had in hand was the seizure of the Southside Railroad by an extension of his left flank. He had attempted it once with the Fifth Corps, at Dabney’s Mill, and had failed; but that attempt had been of value: he had gained a knowledge of the country. His engineers had mapped it, the roads, the streams, the houses. The fight at Dabney’s Mill was a random stroke,—a “feeling of the position,” to use a term common in camp,—which enabled him to detect the weak point of Lee’s lines. To comprehend the movement, it is necessary to understand the geographical and topographical features of the country, which are somewhat peculiar. Hatcher’s Run is a branch of the Notoway River, which has its rise in a swamp about four miles from the Appomattox and twenty southwest of Peters-

burg. The Southside Railroad runs southwest from Petersburg, along the ridge of land between the Appomattox and the head-waters of the Nottoway, protected by the swamp of Hatcher's Run and by the swamp of Stony Creek, another tributary of the Nottoway.

The point aimed at by General Grant is known as the "Five Forks," a place where five roads meet, on the table-land between the head-waters of Hatcher's Run and Stony Creek. It was the most accessible gateway leading to the railroad. If he could break through at that point, he would turn Lee's flank, deprive him of the protection of the swamps, use them for his own cover, and seize the railroad. To take the Five Forks was to take all; for the long and terrible conflict had become so shorn of its outside proportions, so reduced to simple elements, that, if Lee lost that position, all was lost, — Petersburg, Richmond, his army, and the Confederacy.

Surprise is expressed that the Rebel lion went down so suddenly, in a night, at one blow, toppling over like a child's house of cards, imposing to look upon, yet of very little substance; but the calculations of General Grant were to give a finishing stroke.

If, by massing the main body of his troops upon the extreme left of his line, he succeeded in carrying the position of the Five Forks, it would compel Lee to evacuate Richmond. Lee's line of retreat must necessarily be towards Danville; but Grant, at the Five Forks, would be nearer Danville by several miles than Lee; and he would thus, instead of the exterior line, have the interior, with the power to push Lee at every step farther from his direct line of retreat. That Grant saw all this, and executed his plan, is evidence of great military ability. The plan involved not merely the carrying of the Five Forks, but great activity afterwards. The capture of Lee was a forethought, not an afterthought.

"Commissaries will prepare twelve days' rations," was his order, which meant a long march, and the annihilation of Lee's army. An ordinary com-

mander might have been satisfied with merely breaking down the door, and seizing the railroad, knowing that it would be the beginning of dissolution to the Rebel army; but Grant's plan went farther, — the routing of the burglar from his house, and dispatching him on the spot. Perhaps Lee saw what the end would be, and did the best he could with his troops; but inasmuch as he did not issue the order for the transfer of a division from Richmond to the south side till Saturday night, after the Five Forks were lost, it may be presumed that he did not fully comprehend the importance of holding that gateway. If he had seen that Richmond must be eventually evacuated, he might have saved his army by a sudden withdrawal from both Richmond and Petersburg on Friday night, pushing down the Southside Road, and throwing his whole force on Sheridan and the Fifth Corps, which would have enabled him to reach Danville. Not doing that, he lost all.

It is not intended in this article to give the details of the attack at the Five Forks and along the line, but merely to show how the forces were wielded in that last magnificent, annihilating blow.

On the 25th of March, the Twenty-Fourth Corps was transferred from the north side of the James to Hatcher's Run, taking the position of the Second Corps.

The force designed for the attack upon the Five Forks was composed of the Fifth Corps and Sheridan's Cavalry, — the whole under command of Sheridan. The Second Corps was massed across Hatcher's Run, and kept in position to frustrate any attempt which might be made to cut Sheridan off from the support of the main army.

Sheridan found a large force in front of him, along Chamberlain's Creek, three miles west of Dinwiddie Court-House. He had hard fighting, and was repulsed. There was want of coöperation on the part of Warren, commanding the Fifth Corps, who was relieved of his command the next morning, General Griffin succeeding him. A heavy rain-storm

came on. Wagons went hub-deep in the mud. The swamps were overflowed. The army came to a stand-still. The soldiers were without tents. Thousands had thrown away their blankets. There was gloom and discouragement throughout the camp. But all the axes and shovels were brought into requisition, and the men went to work building corduroy roads. It was much better for the *morale* of the army than to sit by bivouac-fires waiting for sunny skies. The week passed away. The Richmond papers were confident and boastful of final success.

"We are very hopeful of the campaign which is opening, and trust that we are to reap a large advantage from the operations evidently near at hand. . . . We have only to resolve that we will never surrender, and it will be impossible that we shall ever be taken," said the "Sentinel," in its issue of Saturday morning, April 1st, the last paper ever issued from that office. The editor was not aware of the fact, that on Friday evening, while he was penning this paragraph, Sheridan was bursting open the door at the Five Forks and had the Rebellion by the throat. Lee attempted to retrieve the disaster on Saturday by depleting his left and centre to reinforce his right. Then came the order from Grant, "Attack vigorously all along the line." How splendidly it was executed! The Ninth, the Sixth, the Second, the Twenty-Fourth Corps, all went tumbling in upon the enemy's works, like breakers upon the beach, tearing away *chevaux-de-frise*, rushing into the ditches, sweeping over the embankments, and dashing through the embrasures of the forts. In an hour the C. S. A., — the Confederate Slave Argosy, — the Ship of State launched but four years ago, which went proudly sailing, with the death's-head and cross-bones at her truck, on a cruise against Civilization and Christianity, hailed as a rightful belligerent, furnished with guns, ammunition, provisions, and all needful supplies, by England and France, was thrown a helpless wreck upon the shores of Time!

It would be interesting to follow the troops in their victorious advance upon Petersburg, their closing in upon Lee, the magnificent tactics of the pursuit, and the scenes of the surrender; but in this article we have space only to glance at

SCENES IN RICHMOND.

"My line is broken in three places, and Richmond must be evacuated," was Lee's despatch to Davis, received by the arch-traitor at eleven and a half o'clock in St. Paul's Church. He read it with blanched cheeks, and left the church in haste.

Davis had robbed the banks of Virginia a few days before, seizing the bullion in the name of the Confederacy; and his first thought was how to secure the treasure.

He hurried to the executive mansion, passed up the winding stairway to his business apartment, seated himself at a small table, wrote an order for the removal of the coin to Danville, and for the evacuation of the city.

There was no evening service in the churches on that Sunday. Ministers and congregations were otherwise employed. The Reverend Mr. Hoge, ablest of the Presbyterian pastors, fiercest advocate of them all for Slavery as a divine missionary institution, bitterest hater of the North, packed his carpet-bag and took a long Sabbath-day's journey towards the South. The Reverend Mr. Duncan, of the Methodist Church, did the same work of necessity. Lumpkin, who for many years has kept a slave-trader's jail, also had a work of necessity on hand, — fifty men, women, and children, who must be saved to the missionary institution for the future enlightenment of Africa. Although it was the Lord's day, (perhaps he was comforted by the thought, that, the better the day, the better the deed,) the coffin-gang was made up in the jail-yard, within pistol-shot of Davis's parlor-window, within a stone's throw of the Monumental Church, and a sad and weeping throng,

chained two and two, the last slave-coffe that shall ever tread the streets of Richmond, were hurried to the Danville Depot. Slavery being the corner-stone of the Confederacy, it was fitting that this gang, keeping step to the music of their clanking chains, should accompany Jeff Davis's secretaries, Benjamin and Trenholm, and the Reverend Messrs. Hoge and Duncan, in their flight. The whole Rebel Government was on the move, and all Richmond desired to be. No thoughts of taking Washington now, or of the flag of the Confederacy flaunting in the breeze over the old Capitol! Hundreds of officials were at the depot, to get away from the doomed city. Public documents, the archives of the Confederacy, were hastily gathered up, tumbled into boxes and barrels, and taken to the trains, or carried into the streets and set on fire. Coaches, carriages, wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, everything in the shape of a vehicle was brought into use. There was a jumble of boxes, chests, trunks, valises, carpet-bags, — a crowd of excited men sweating as they never sweat before, — women with dishevelled hair, unmindful of their wardrobes, wringing their hands, — children crying in the crowd, — sentinels guarding each entrance to the train, pushing back at the point of the bayonet the panic-stricken multitude, giving precedence to Davis and the high officials, and informing Mr. Lumpkin that his niggers could not be taken. Oh, what a loss was there! It would have been fifty thousand dollars out of somebody's pocket in 1861, but millions now of Confederate promises to pay, which the hurrying multitude and that coffled gang were treading under foot, — literally trampling the bonds of the Confederate States of America in the mire, as they marched to the station; for the streets were as thickly strown with four per cents, six per cents, eight per cents, as the forest with last year's leaves.

"The faith of the Confederate States is pledged to provide and establish sufficient revenues for the regular payment of the interest, and for the redemption of the principal," read the bonds;

but there was a sudden eclipse of faith, and not merely an eclipse, but a collapse, a shrivelling up, like a parched scroll, of the entire Confederacy, which, like its bonds, notes, and certificates of indebtedness, was old rags!

In the Sabbath evening twilight, the trains, with the fugitive Government, its stolen bullion, and its Doctors of Divinity on board, moved out from the city.

At the same hour, the Governor of Virginia, William Smith, and the Assembly, were embarked in a canal-boat, on the James River and Kanawha Canal, moving for Lynchburg. On all the roads were men, women, and children, in carriages of every description, with multitudes on horseback and on foot, fleeing from the Rebel capital. Men who could not get away were secretly at work, during those night-hours, burying plate and money in gardens; ladies secreted their jewels, barred and bolted their doors, and passed a sleepless night, fearful of the morrow, which would bring the hated, despised, Vandal horde of Yankee ruffians: for such were the epithets which they had persistently applied to the soldiers of the Union throughout the war.

But before the entrance of the Union army they had an experience from their friends. Following the example of the Government, which had robbed the banks, the soldiers pillaged the city, breaking open stores, and helping themselves to whatever suited their convenience and taste, of clothing, fancy goods, eatables, and drinkables.

But the Government itself was not quite through with its operations in Richmond. The Secretary of War, John C. Breckinridge, with General Ewell, remained till daylight on Monday morning to clear up things, — not to burn public archives in order to destroy evidence of Confederate villany, but to commit more crime, so deep, damning, that the stanchest friends of the Confederacy recoil with horror from the act.

To prevent the United States from obtaining possession of a few thousand hogsheads of tobacco, a thousand houses

were destroyed by fire, the heart of the city was eaten out,—all of the business portions, all the banks and insurance-offices, half of the newspapers, mills, depots, bridges, foundries, workshops, dwellings, churches, thirty squares in all, swept clean by the devouring flames. It was the work of the Confederate Government. And not only this, but human life was remorselessly sacrificed.

In the outskirts of the city, on the Mechanicsville road, was the almshouse, filled with the lame, the blind, the halt, the bedridden, the sick, and the poor. Ten rods distant was a magazine containing fifteen or twenty kegs of powder, of little value to a victorious army with full supplies of ammunition. They could have been rolled into the creek near at hand; but the order of Jeff Davis was to blow up the magazines, and the order must be executed.

"We give you fifteen minutes to get out of the way," was the sole notice to that crowd of helpless creatures lying in their cots, at three o'clock in the morning. Men and women begged for mercy. In vain their cries. The officer in charge of the matter was inexorable. Clothless and shoeless, the inmates of the almshouse ran in terror from the spot to seek shelter in the ravines. But there were those who could not run, who, while the train was laying, rent the air with shrieks of terror. The train was fired at the expiration of the allotted time. The whole side of the house went in with a crash, as if it were no more than pasteboard. Windows flew into minutest particles. Bricks, stones, timbers, beams, and boards went whirling through the air. Trees were wrenched off as though a giant had twisted them into withes. The city rocked as if upheaved by an earthquake. The dozen poor wretches remaining in the almshouse were torn to pieces. Their bodies were but blackened masses of flesh, when the fugitives who had sought shelter in the fields returned to the shattered ruins.

How stirring the events of that morning! Lee retreating, Grant pursuing;

Davis a fugitive; the Governor and Legislature of Virginia seeking safety in a canal-boat; Doctors of Divinity fleeing from the wrath to come; the troops of the Union marching up the streets; the old flag waving over the Capitol; Rebel iron-clads blowing up; Richmond in flames; the fiery billows rolling on from house to house, from block to block, from square to square, unopposed in their progress by the panic-stricken, stupefied, bewildered crowd; and the Northern Vandals laying aside their arms, manning the engines, putting out the fire, and saving the city from total destruction! Through the terrible day, all through the succeeding night, the smoke of its torment went up to heaven. Strange, weird, the scenes of that Monday night,—the glimmering flames, the clouds of smoke hanging like a funeral pall above the ruins, the crowd of woe-begone, houseless, homeless creatures wandering through the streets:—

"Such resting found the soles of unblest feet!"

VISIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

AMONG the memorable events of the week was the visit of President Lincoln to the city of Richmond. He had been tarrying at City Point, holding daily consultations with General Grant, visiting the army and the iron-clads at Aiken's Landing,—thus avoiding the swarm of place-hunters that darkened the doors of the executive mansion.

On Tuesday noon a tug-boat belonging to the navy was seen steaming up the James, regardless of torpedoes and obstructions. A mile below the city, where the water becomes shoal, President Lincoln, accompanied by Admiral Porter, Captain Adams of the navy, Captain Penrose of the army, and Lieutenant Clemmens of the Signal Corps, put off from the tug in a launch manned by twelve sailors, whose long, steady oar-strokes quickly carried the party to the landing-place,—a square above Libby Prison.

There was no committee of reception,

no guard of honor, no grand display of troops, no assembling of an eager multitude to welcome him.

He entered the city unheralded; six sailors, armed with carbines, stepped upon the shore, followed by the President, who held his little son by the hand, and Admiral Porter; the officers followed, and six more sailors brought up the rear. The writer of this article was there upon the spot, and, joining the party, became an observer of the memorable event.

There were forty or fifty freedmen, who had been sole possessors of themselves for twenty-four hours, at work on the bank of the canal, securing some floating timber, under the direction of a Lieutenant. Somehow they obtained the information that the man who was head and shoulders taller than all others around him, with features large and irregular, with a mild eye and pleasant countenance, was President Lincoln.

"God bless you, Sah!" said one, taking off his cap and bowing very low.

"Hurrah! hurrah! President Linkum hab come!" was the shout which rang through the street.

The Lieutenant found himself without a command. What cared those freedmen, fresh from the house of bondage, for floating timber or military commands? Their deliverer had come;—he who, next to the Lord Jesus, was their best friend! It was not an hurrah that they gave, but a wild, jubilant cry of inexpressible joy.

They gathered round the President, ran ahead, hovered upon the flanks of the little company, and hung like a dark cloud upon the rear. Men, women, and children joined the constantly increasing throng. They came from all the by-streets, running in breathless haste, shouting and hallooing and dancing with delight. The men threw up their hats, the women waved their bonnets and handkerchiefs, clapped their hands, and sang, "Glory to God! glory! glory! glory!"—rendering all the praise to God, who had heard their wailings in the past, their moanings for wives, husbands, children, and friends sold

out of their sight, had given them freedom, and, after long years of waiting, had permitted them thus unexpectedly to behold the face of their great benefactor.

"I thank you, dear Jesus, that I behold President Linkum!" was the exclamation of a woman who stood upon the threshold of her humble home, and with streaming eyes and clasped hands gave thanks aloud to the Saviour of men.

Another, more demonstrative in her joy, was jumping and striking her hands with all her might, crying,—
"Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord!" as if there could be no end of her thanksgiving.

The air rang with a tumultuous chorus of voices. The street became almost impassable on account of the increasing multitude. Soldiers were summoned to clear the way. How strange the event! The President of the United States—he who had been hated, despised, maligned above all other men living, to whom the vilest epithets had been applied by the people of Richmond—was walking their streets, receiving thanksgivings, blessings, and praises from thousands who hailed him as the ally of the Messiah! How bitter the reflections of that moment to some who beheld him!—memory running back, perhaps, to that day in May, 1861, when Jefferson Davis, their President, entered the city,—the pageant of that hour, his speech, his promise to smite the smiter, to drench the fields of Virginia with richer blood than that shed at Buena Vista! How that part of the promise had been kept!—how their sons, brothers, and friends had fallen!—how all else predicted had failed!—how the land had been filled with mourning!—how the State had become a desolation!—how their property, their hoarded wealth, had disappeared! They had been invited to a gorgeous banquet; the fruit was fair to the eye, of golden hue and beautiful; but it had turned to ashes. They had been promised a place among the nations, a position of commanding influ-

ence and fame. Cotton was the king of kings, and England, France, and the whole civilized world would bow in humble submission to his Majesty. That was the promise; but now their king was dethroned, their government overthrown, their President and his cabinet vagrants, driven from house and home to be wanderers upon the earth. They had been promised affluence, Richmond was to be the metropolis of the Confederacy, and Virginia the all-powerful State of the new nation. How terrible the cheat! Their thousand-dollar bonds were not worth a penny. A million dollars would not purchase a dinner. Their money was valueless, their slaves were freemen, the heart of their city was eaten out. They had been cheated in everything. Those whom they had trusted had given the unkindest cut of all, — adding arson and robbery to their other crimes. Thus had they fallen from highest anticipation of bliss to deepest actual woe. The language of the Arch-Rebel of the universe, in "Paradise Lost," was most appropriate to them: —

" 'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,'
Said then the lost Archangel, 'this the seat,
That we must change for heaven, this mournful
gloom
For that celestial light?'"

Abraham Lincoln was walking their streets; and, worst of all, that plain, honest-hearted man was recognizing the "niggers" as human beings by returning their salutations! The walk was long, and the President halted a moment to rest. "May de good Lord bless you, President Linkum!" said an old negro, removing his hat, and bowing with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks. The President removed his own hat, and bowed in silence; but it was a bow which upset the forms, laws, customs, and ceremonies of centuries. It was a death-shock to chiv-

alry, and a mortal wound to caste. Recognize a nigger! Faugh! A woman in an adjoining house beheld it, and turned from the scene in unspeakable disgust. There were men in the crowd who had daggers in their eyes; but the chosen assassin was not there, the hour for the damning work had not come, and that great-hearted man passed on to the executive mansion of the late Confederacy.

Want of space compels us to pass over other scenes, — the visit of the President to the State-House, — the jubilant shouts of the crowd, — the rush of freedmen into the Capitol grounds, where, till the appearance of their deliverer, they had never been permitted to enter, — the ride of the President through the streets, — his visit to Libby Prison, — the distribution of bread to the destitute, — the groups of heart-broken men amid the ruins, who beheld nought but ruins, — a ruined city, a ruined State, a ruined Confederacy, a ruined people, — ruined in hopes and expectations, — ruined for the past, the present, and the future, — without power, influence, or means of beginning life anew, — deceived, subjugated, humiliated, — poverty-stricken in everything. All that they had possessed was irretrievably lost, and they had nothing to show for it. All their heroism, valor, courage, hardship, suffering, expenditure of treasure, and sacrifice of blood had availed them nothing. There could be no comfort in their mourning, no alleviation to their sorrow.

Forgetting that Justice is the mightiest power of the universe, that Righteousness is eternal, and that anything short of it is transitory, they planned a gorgeous edifice with Slavery for its corner-stone; but suddenly, and in an hour, their superstructure and foundation crumbled. They grasped at dominion, and sank in perdition.

Lincoln in Richmond.

After his interview with Judge Campbell, the President being about to return to the Wabash, I took him and Admiral Porter in my carriage. An immense concourse of colored people thronged the streets, accompanied and followed the carriage, calling upon the President with the wildest exclamations of gratitude and delight. He was the Moses, the Messiah, to the slaves of the South. Hundreds of colored women tossed their hands high in the air, and then bent down to the ground, weeping for joy. Some shouted songs of deliverance, and sang the old plantation refrains, which had prophesied the coming of a deliverer from bondage. "God bless you, Father Abraham!" went up from a thousand throats. Those only who have seen the paroxysmal enthusiasm of a religious meeting of slaves can form an adequate conception of the way in which the tears and smiles and shouts of this emancipated people evinced the frenzy of their gratitude to their deliverer. He looked at it all attentively, with his face expressive only of a sort of pathetic wonder. Occasionally its sadness would alternate with one of its peculiar smiles, and he would remark on the great proportion of those whose color indicated a mixed lineage from the white master and the black slave; and that reminded him of some little story of his life in Kentucky, which he would smilingly tell; and then his face would relapse again into that sad expression which all will remember who saw him during the last few weeks of the rebellion. Perhaps it was a presentiment of his impending fate.

I accompanied him to the ship, bade him farewell, and left him, never to see his face more. Not long after, the bullet of the assassin arrested the beatings of one of the kindest hearts that ever throbbed in human bosom.—*July Atlantic.*

Lincoln at Richmond.

A EVENTFUL DAY AFTER THE SURRENDER DESCRIBED BY ADMIRAL PORTER.

The day after the fall of Richmond, President Lincoln expressed a desire to visit the Confederate capital in the flagship Malvern. In anticipation of this event, by working day and night, I had all the obstructions on the James taken up, and all the torpedoes removed from the river bed.

When the river was reported clear of torpedoes (a large number of which were taken up), I proceeded up to Richmond in the Malvern, with President Lincoln on board, and, notwithstanding the great care that had been taken to clear out the James, I felt a great responsibility upon me.

Every vessel that got through the obstructions wished to be the first one up, and pushed ahead with all steam, but they grounded one after another, and then my vessel, which had passed them all, also grounded.

I took the President in my barge, and with a tug ahead and a file of marines on board, we continued up to the city.

I had never been to Richmond before by that route, and did not know where the landing was; neither did the coxswain nor any of the barge's crew. We pulled on, hoping to see some one of whom we could inquire, but no one was in sight. The street along the river front was deserted as if this had been a city of the dead. The troops had been in possession for some hours, but not a soldier was to be seen.

The current was now rushing past us over rocks; we could scarcely get ahead and finally ran on a rock.

"Send for Col. Bailey," said the President; "he will get you out of this."

"No," said I, "we don't want the Colonel this time. I can manage it." So I backed out and pointed for the nearest landing.

There was a small house on this landing and behind it were some twelve negroes digging with spades. The leader of them was an old man sixty years of age. He raised himself to an upright position as we landed, and put his hands up to his eyes. Then he dropped his spade and sprang forward.

LINCOLN AND A SLAVE.

"Bress de Lord," he said, "dere is de great Messiah! I knowed him as soon as I seed him." He's bin in my heart fo' long years, an' he's cum at las' to free his chillun from deir bondage! Glory hallelujah!

And he fell upon his knees before the President and kissed his feet. The others followed his example, and in a minute Mr. Lincoln was surrounded by these people, who had treasured up the recollection of him caught from a photograph, and had looked up to him for four years as the one who was to lead them out of captivity.

It was a touching sight—that aged negro kneeling at the feet of the tall, gaunt-looking man, who seemed in himself to be bearing all the grief of the nation, and whose sad face seemed to say, "I suffer for you all, but will do all I can to help you."

Lincoln looked down on the poor creature at his feet; he was much embarrassed in position. "Don't kneel to me," he said; "that is not right. You must kneel to God only, and thank Him for the liberty you will hereafter enjoy. I am but God's humble instrument; but you may rest assured that as long as I live no one shall put a shackle on your limbs, and you shall have all the rights that God has given to every other free citizen of this Republic."

His face was lit up with a divine look as he uttered these words. Though not a handsome man and ungainly in his person, yet in his enthusiasm he seemed the personification of manly beauty, and that sad face of his looked down in kindness upon

these ignorant blacks with a grace that could not be excelled. He really seemed of another world.

All this scene was of brief duration, but, though a simple and humble affair, it impressed me more than anything of the kind I ever witnessed.

It was a minute or two before I could get the negroes to rise and leave the President. The scene was so touching I hated to disturb it; yet we could not stay there all day, we had to move on; so I requested the patriarch to withdraw from about the President with his companions, and let us pass on.

"Yes, massa," said the old man, "but after bein' so many years in de desert widout water, it's mighty pleasant to be lookin' at las' on our Spring of life. 'Seuse us, sir, we means 'no disrespee' to Mass' Lincoln, we means all love and gratitude." And then, joining together in a ring, the negroes sang with melodious and touching voices only possessed by the negroes of South:

Oh, all ye people, clap your hands
And with triumphant voices sing.
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King.

He shall assault our foes, repell,
And with success our battles fight,
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, His delight.

The President and all of us listened in silence while the hymn was being sung.

A SCENE IN THE STREETS.

Four minutes, at most, had passed away since we first landed at a point where, as far as the eye could reach, the streets were entirely deserted; but now, what a different scene appeared, as that hymn went forth from the negroes' lips! The streets seemed to be suddenly alive with the colored race; they seemed to spring from the earth. They came tumbling and shouting from over the hills and from the water side, where no one was seen as we had passed along.

The crowd immediately became very oppressive. We needed our marines to keep them off. I ordered twelve of the boat's crew to fix bayonets to their rifles, and to surround the President, which was done in a moment; but the crowd poured in so fearfully, that I thought we all stood a chance of being crushed to death.

I now realized the imprudence of landing without a large body of marines; and yet this seemed to me, after all, the fittest way for Mr. Lincoln to come among the people he had redeemed from bondage.

What an ovation he had, to be sure, from those so-called ignorant beings! They all had their souls in their eyes, and I don't think I ever looked upon a scene where there were so many happy faces.

While some were rushing forward to touch the man they had raised of and dreamed of for four long years, others stood off a little way and looked on in awe and wonder. Others turned some saluts and many yelled for joy. Half of them acted as though demented, and could find no way of testifying their delight.

The negroes, in their ecstasy, could not be made to understand that they were detaining the President; they looked upon him as belonging to them, and that he had come to put the crowning act to the great work he had commenced. They would not feel free in reality until they heard it from his own lips.

At length he spoke; he could not move for the mass of people—he had to do something. "My poor friends," he said, "you are free—free as air. You can cast off the name of slave and trample upon it; it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as he gave it to others, and it is a sin that you have been deprived of it for so many years. But you must try to deserve this priceless boon. Let the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good works. Don't let your joy carry you into excesses; learn the laws and obey them; harbor no ill-feeling against those who

held you in bondage; obey God's commandments, and thank Him for giving you liberty, for to Him you owe all things. There, now, let me pass on; I have but little time to spare. I want to see the Capitol, and must return at once to Washington to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

The crowd shouted and screeched as if they would split the firmament, though while the President was speaking the silence was breathless.

I don't think anyone could do justice to that scene; it would be necessary to photograph it to understand it.

At length we were able to move on; the crowd opened for us, shouting. I got the twelve seamen, with fixed bayonets, around the President, to keep him from being crushed. It never struck me that there was anyone in that multitude who would injure him; it seemed to me that he had an army of supporters there who could, and would, defend him against all the world.

But likely there were scowling eyes not far off; men were, perhaps, looking on with hatred in their hearts, who were even then seeking an opportunity to slay him.

PASSING LIBBY PRISON.

Our progress was very slow; we did not move a mile an hour, and the crowd was still increasing. Many poor whites joined the numbers and sent up their shouts with the rest. We were nearly half an hour getting from abreast of Libby Prison to the city. The President stopped a moment to look on the horrible Bastille, where so many Union soldiers had dragged out a miserable life.

"We will pull it down!" cried the crowd, seeing where his look fell.

"No," said he; "leave it as a monument."

He did not say a monument to what, but he meant, I am sure, to leave it as a monument to the loyalty of our soldiers who would bear all the horrors of Libby Prison sooner than desert their flag and cause. We struggled on, the great crowd preceding us, and an equally dense crowd of blacks following on behind—all so packed together that some of them often sang out in pain. It was not a model style for the President of the United States to enter the capital of a conquered country, yet there was a moral in it all which had more effect than if he had come surrounded with great armies that he heralded by the booming of cannon. He came, armed with the majesty of the law, to put his seal to the act which had been established by the bayonets of Union soldiers; the establishment of peace and good will between the North and the South, and liberty to all mankind who dwell upon our shores.

We struggled on, and as we reached the edge of the city, the sidewalks were lined with black and white alike, all looking with curious and eager faces at the man who held their destiny in his hand, but there was no anger in any one's face, the whole was like a gala day, and it looked as if the President was some expected guest who had come to receive great honors; indeed, no man ever received a greater ovation than was given him, be it from warm hearts or simple ceremony.

II.

A HOT AND THIRSTY HERO.

It was a warm day, and the streets were dusty, owing to the immense gathering which covered every part of them, kicking up the dirt. The atmosphere was suffocating, and Mr. Lincoln could be seen plainly by every man, woman and child, towering head and shoulders above that crowd. He overtopped every man there. He carried his hat in his hand, fanning his face from which the perspiration was pouring. He looked as if he would have given his presidency for a glass of water. I would have given my teeth for half a one.

Now came another phase in the procession. As we entered the city, every win-

dow flew up from below to the roof, and every one was filled with eager, peering faces, which turned one to another, and seemed to ask, "Is this large man with soft eyes, and kind, benevolent face, the one who has been held up to us as the incarnation of wickedness—the destroyer of the South?" I think that illusion vanished if it was ever harbored by any one there. I don't know what there was to amuse them in looking at this scene, but I never saw a merrier crowd in my life, black and white.

We were brought to a halt by the dense jam before we had gone a square. The town was still on fire at the Tredegar Works, and in the structures thereabouts, and the smoke setting our way almost cooked us.

I had not seen a soldier whom I could send to General Weitzel to ask for an escort, and it would have been useless to send one of the contrabands, for he would have been too much interested in seeing the sights and in looking at the President, from whom none took their eyes. I don't think anyone noticed the rest of the party.

I think the people could not have had a gala day since the Confederates occupied Richmond as headquarters. Judging from present appearances, they certainly were not grieved at the loss of the Government that had justified. There was nothing like taunt or defiance in the faces of those who

gazing in the windows, or even their heads from the sidewalks, to catch a view of the President. The look of everyone was that of eager curiosity—nothing more.

While we were stopped for a moment by the crowd, a white man, in his shirt-sleeves, rushed from the sidewalk toward the President. His looks were so eager that I felt apprehensive that he was not a friend, and prepared to receive him on the point of my sword. But when he got within ten feet of us he suddenly stopped short, took off his hat, and cried out, "Abraham Lincoln, God bless you; you are the poor man's friend!" Then he tried to force his way to the President to shake hands with him. He would not take no for an answer, until I had to treat him rather roughly, when he stood with his arms folded and looked eagerly after us. The last I saw of him he was throwing his hat into the air.

Just after this a beautiful girl came from the sidewalk with a large bouquet of roses in her hand, and advanced, struggling through the crowd, toward the President. The mass of people opened to let her pass, but she had a hard time in reaching the President. Her clothes were very much disarranged in making the journey across the street.

I reached out and helped her within the circle of the soldiers' bayonets, where, although almost stifled with the dust, she gracefully presented her bouquet, and made a neat little speech, while the President held her hand. She was very pretty, and about seventeen years old, which made the presentation still more touching.

These were a label on the bouquet with these simple words, "From Eva to the Liberator of the Slaves." She stayed no longer than to deliver her present; then two of the sailors were sent to escort her back to the walk.

There was no cheering at this, yet there was no disapprobation shown, only she was met by the same eager, curious faces which surrounded and plied her with questions. This was the only event of the kind that occurred.

I asked myself what all this could mean but that the people of Richmond were glad to see the end of the strife, and to see the advent of a milder form of government than that which had just departed in such an ignoble manner.

At length I got hold of a cavalryman. He was resting his horse near the sidewalk, blocked in by the people, and looking on with the same expression of interest as the others. He was the only soldier

had seen since we landed, showing that the General commanding the Union forces had no desire to interfere in any case, with the comfort of the citizens. There was only guard enough posted about the streets to protect property and to prevent irregularities.

"Go to the General," I said to the cavalryman, "and tell him to send a military escort here to guard the President and get him through this crowd." "Is that old be?" asked the soldier, his eyes as large as saucers. The sight of the President was a strange to him as to the inhabitants, but if he went as fast as the crowd would follow him, and in twenty minutes I heard he clatter over the stones of horses' feet as a troop of cavalry came galloping and leaving the street, which they did with as much gentleness as if they were at a parade.

PRESIDENT DAVIS' HEADQUARTERS.

For the first time we were able to walk along continuously since starting from the water. In a short time we reached the mansion of Mr. Davis, president of the Confederacy, the house now occupied by the headquarters of General Weitzel and General Shipley.

It was quite a small affair compared with the White House, and modest in all its appointments, showing that, while President Davis was engaged, heart and soul, in endeavoring to effect a division of the States, he was not, at least, surrounding himself with kingly voluptuousness, but was living in a modest, comfortable style, like any other citizen. Amid it all, the refined taste of his wife was prominent, and marked everything about the apartments.

There was great cheering going on; hundreds of civilians (I don't know who they were) assembled at the house to welcome Mr. Lincoln.

General Shipley made a speech and gave us a lunch, after which we entered a carriage and visited the State House—the late seat of the Confederate Congress. It was in dreadful disorder, betokening a sudden and unexpected flight; members' tables were upset, bales of Confederate scrip were lying about the floor, and many official documents of some value were found scattered about. It was strange to me that they had not set fire to the building ere they departed, to bury in oblivion every record that might remain relating to the events of the past four years.

After this inspection I urged the President to go on board the Malvern. I began to feel the responsibility resting upon me through the care of his person. The evening was approaching, and we were in a carriage open all around. He was glad to go; he was tired out and wanted the quiet of the flagship. We took leave of our

host and departed. I was oppressed with uneasiness until we got on board, and stood on deck with the President safe; then there was not a happier man anywhere than myself.

I determined that the President should go nowhere again, while under my charge, unless I was with him and had a guard of marines. I thought of the risks we had run that day, and I was satisfied before night was over that I had good cause for apprehension.

WILKES BOOTH APPEARS.

We were all sitting on the upper deck about eight o'clock in the evening, when a man came down to the landing and hailed the Malvern (the vessel had come to off the city,) saying that he had despatches for the President. I told the captain to send the small boat on shore to bring the despatches off, but not to bring the bearer. The boat returned without either the man or the despatches. The boat officer said the man would not deliver the despatches to any one but the President himself.

"Let him come on board," said the President.

"Don't you think we should be careful whom we admit after dark, sir?" said.

"Well, yes," he replied; "but these despatches may be from General Grant, and the man may be only obeying his orders literally."

I ordered the boat to go back and the man on board, determined to be near the President when the despatches were delivered. I knew that General Grant would send despatches only by officer, and the midshipman in the boat told me this was not one.

When the boat returned to the shore man was gone. As I suspected he was a bogus despatch-bearer, the circumstance was very suspicious.

I inquired about the appearance of the man when seen by the officer of the boat. He was a tall man with a black moustache, wore a slouch hat and a long cloak, regular theatrical villain—and of the stereotyped play robbers."

That man was, without doubt, Wilkes Booth, who sought the President's life. It would have suited Booth's tragical spirit to slay him on such an occasion; it would have added greatly (in his ideas) to the scenic effect.

In half an hour another hail came (we were only lying twenty yards off). A person wanted a boat; a sailor from the Malvern wanted to report himself on board. There was no such vessel in the fleet, though there was one in the navy. I sent an officer and four men in the boat to bring the man off, and not to let him escape, and, when in the boat, to put hand irons on him. Then I swept the shore with a light glass and could see no one. The boat landed a minute later. There was no man there. The crew ran up and down the river and looked over the bank, but no man could be found. These two circumstances made me more suspicious, and very care was taken that no one should get on board without knowing who he was. The President himself felt a little unpleasant and nervous, and that night a marine kept guard at his stateroom door. —Philadelphia Press.

LINCOLN IN RICHMOND.

When the news of the Union occupation of Richmond reached Petersburg, Admiral Porter, who now commanded the fleet, took the president on board and steamed up James river, where he landed on the 4th. Mr. Lincoln went on shore alone, and was walking the streets, inquiring his way of passers by, when some of Gen. Weitzel's aids met him and conducted him to headquarters in Davis' deserted mansion. Here he inspected the quarters of the fugitive Confederate chieftain and for a time sat in Davis' office room in his own accustomed chair.

While he was in Richmond, Mr. Lincoln said to Gen. Weitzel that he believed that the conquered people would be "let up easy." This was in accordance with his views expressed to Grant and Sherman in Hampton Roads in February, at the time he received the peace commissioners from Richmond. Gen. Grant states in his memoirs that at that time Mr. Lincoln said that if the southerners would agree to perpetual union and the abolition of slavery he would be willing to hand them a blank sheet of paper with his signature attached and let them state the terms themselves. These views, well known to the generals in the field, influenced them in their stipulations for the surrender of Confederate troops and positions.

While President Lincoln was in Richmond Jefferson Davis was attempting to reorganize his capital at Danville, where some troops had been ordered to report. Admiral Raphael Semmes was made a brigadier general and placed in command of the defenses, and his naval brigade built and mounted intrenchments. On April 5 Davis announced by proclamation that Virginia was to be abandoned by the Confederate armies. Lee was now concentrating his men in the vicinity of Ame-



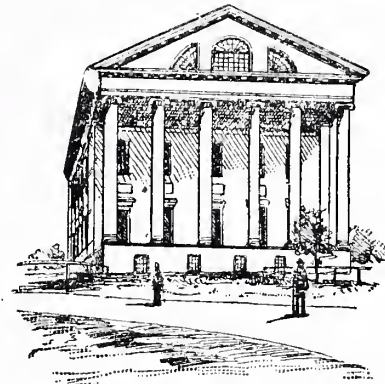
LINCOLN IN DAVIS' CHAIR.

lia Court House, on the Richmond and Danville railroad, about twenty-five miles west of Petersburg. This point was south of the

Appomattox and Lee had to recross that river. This movement placed him on the same side with the Union army. The troops from Richmond and from the works along the James, between Petersburg and Richmond, all joined Lee at Amelia Court House. On the 5th he sent forward his artillery on roads to the right of those upon which the troops marched, and he also formed a column to attack Sheridan's advance, now at Jetersville. Sheridan had sent out Custer's and Merritt's divisions on the morning of the 3d to strike Amelia Court House and head off the retreating Confederates.

At the crossing of Deep Creek, Gen. W. H. F. Lee's command effectively checked the pursuit, and Sheridan's cavalry waited all night for the Fifth, Second and Sixth corps to come up. On the 4th, McKenzie's division of cavalry pushed on to within a few miles of Amelia Court House, and, finding the enemy in force, halted and waited for infantry supports to come up. The Fifth corps reached the ground the same night. On the morning of the 5th, Sheridan sent Davies' brigade of Crook's division around the Confederate flank to ascertain whether Lee was marching off to the north or not. At Painesville, five miles north of Amelia, Davies attacked a wagon train, burned it and returned, followed by Munford's and Rosser's cavalry, and driven back upon his supports.

On the morning of the 6th Lee again took up the march, moving along the Danville railroad toward Burkeville. All the bridges behind him had been destroyed, and the pursuit was on parallel roads rather than in his rear. The Second, Fifth and Sixth corps, having been directed on Amelia Court House, were now stretched across the Danville railroad near Jetersville, facing north and north-



VIRGINIA'S CAPITAL

east. Ord's Army of the James, moving out on the South Side railroad, was at Burkeville, and Parke's Ninth corps, the last to leave Petersburg, was moving on the same route, and on the morning of the 6th was within a day's march of Ord's column. Nothing short of a most fortunate and speedy march could save Lee.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Apr. 1890

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT RICHMOND.

A Graphic Account by Admiral Porter.

The September number of *Belford's Magazine*, among many very interesting articles, contains the first of a series of papers from the pen of Admiral Porter, giving an account of the entrance of Abraham Lincoln into Richmond, Va. The President had been on board of the flagship *Malvern*. Admiral Porter says: The night before Richmond was evacuated by the Confederate forces we were sitting on the *Malvern's* upper deck, enjoying the evening air. The President, who had been some time quiet, turned to me and said:

"Can't the navy do something at this particular moment to make history?"

"Not much," I replied; "the navy is doing its best just now holding in utter uselessness the rebel navy, consisting of four heavy ironclads. If those should get down to City Point they would commit great havoc, as they came near doing while I was away at Fort Fisher. In consequence, we filled up the river with stones so that no vessels can pass either way. It enables us to hold the fort with a very small force, but quite sufficient to prevent any one from removing the obstructions. Therefore the rebel ironclads are useless to them."

"But can't we make a noise?" asked the President; "that would be refreshing."

"Yes," I replied, "we can make a noise; and, if you desire it, I will commence."

"Well, make a noise," he said.

I sent a telegram to Captain Breese, just above Dutch Gap, to commence firing the starboard broadside guns of the vessels above, to have the guns loaded with shrapnel, and to fire in the direction of the forts without attempting any particular aim; to fire rapidly, and to keep it up until I told him to stop. The firing commenced about 9 o'clock, the hour when all good soldiers and sailors turn in and take a rest.

The President admitted that the noise was a very respectable one, and listened to it attentively, while the rapid flashes of the guns lit up the whole horizon.

In about twenty minutes there was a loud explosion which shook the vessels.

The President jumped from his chair. "I hope to heaven one of them has not blown up!" he exclaimed.

"No, sir," I replied; "my ear detects that the sound was at least two miles farther up the river; it is one of the rebel ironclads. You will hear another in a minute."

"Well," he said, "our noise has done some good: that's a cheap way of getting rid of ironclads. I am certain

Richmond is being evacuated, and that Lee has surrendered, or those fellows would not blow up their ironclads."

Just then there was a second explosion, and two more followed close after.

"That is all of them," I said; "no doubt the forts are all evacuated, and to-morrow we can go up to Richmond."

Of the great difficulty in finding a proper place to land, the Admiral selected a spot, and says:

There was a small house on this landing, and behind it were some twelve negroes digging with spades. The leader of them was an old man sixty years of age. He raised himself to an upright position as we landed, and put his hands up to his eyes. Then he dropped his spade and sprang forward.

"Bress de Lord," he said, "dere is de great Messiah! I knowed him as soon as I seed him. He's been in my heart fo' long yeahs, an' he's come at las' to free his children from deir bondage! Glory, Hallelujah!" and he fell on his knees before the President and kissed his feet.

The others followed his example, and in a minute Mr. Lincoln was surrounded by these people, who had treasured up the recollection of him caught from a photograph, and had looked up to him for four years as the one who was to lead them out of captivity. It was a touching sight—that aged negro kneeling at the feet of a tall, gaunt-looking man, who seemed himself to be bearing all the grief of the nation, and whose face seemed to say, "I suffer for you all, but will do all I can to help you."

Mr. Lincoln looked down on the poor creatures at his feet; he was much embarrassed at his position.

"Don't kneel to me," he said. "That is not right. You must kneel to God only, and thank Him for the liberty you will hereafter enjoy. I am but God's humble instrument; but you may rest assured that as long as I live no one shall put a shackle on your limbs, and you shall have all the rights which God has given to every other free citizen of this Republic."

His face was lit up with a divine look as he uttered these words. Though not a handsome man, and ungainly in his person, yet in his enthusiasm he seemed the personification of manly beauty, and that sad face of his looked down in kindness upon these ignorant blacks with a grace that could not be excelled. He really seemed of another world. All this scene was of brief duration, but, though a simple and humble affair, it impressed me more than anything of the kind I ever witnessed. What a fine picture that would make—Mr. Lincoln

landing from a ship-of-war's boat, an aged negro on his knees at his feet, and a dozen more trying to reach him to kiss the hem of his garments! In the foreground should be the shackles he had broken when he issued his proclamation giving liberty to the slave.

Twenty years have passed since that event; it is almost too new in history to make a great impression, but the time will come when it will loom up as one of the greatest of man's achievements, and the name of Abraham Lincoln—who of his own will struck the shackles from the limbs of four millions of people—will be honored thousands of years from now as man's name was never honored before. It was a minute or two before I could get the negroes to rise and leave the President. The scene was so touching I hated to disturb it, yet we could not stay there all day; we had to move on; so I requested the patriarch to withdraw from about the President with his companions, and let us pass on.

"Yes massa," said the old man, "but after bein' so many years in de desert widout water, its mighty pleasant to be lookin' at las' on our spring of life; 'scuse us, sir; we means no disrespec' to Mass' Lincoln; we means all love and gratitude.

And then, joining hands together in a ring, the negroes sang the following hymn with the melodious and touching voices possessed only by the negroes of the South:

"Oh, all ye people clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King."

The President and all of us listened respectfully while the hymn was being sung. Four minutes at most had passed away since we first landed at a point where, as far as the eye could reach, the streets were entirely deserted, but now what a different scene appeared as that hymn went forth from the negroes' lips!

The streets seemed to be suddenly alive with the colored race. They seemed to spring from the earth. They came, tumbling and shouting, from over the hills and from the water side, where no one was seen as we had passed. The crowd immediately became very oppressive. We needed our marines to keep them off.

I ordered twelve of the boat's crew to fix bayonets to their rifles and to surround the President, all of which was quickly done; but the crowd poured in so fearfully that I thought we all stood a chance of being crushed to death. I now realized the imprudence of landing without a large body of marines; and yet this seemed to me, after all, the fittest way for Mr. Lincoln to come among

the people he had redeemed from bondage.

What an ovation he had, to be sure, from those so-called ignorant beings! They all had their souls in their eyes, and I don't think I ever looked upon a scene where there were so many passionately happy faces. While some were rushing forward to try and touch the man they had talked of and dreamed of for four long years, others stood off a little way and looked on in awe and wonder. Others turned somersaults, and many yelled for joy. Half of them acted as though demented, and could find no way of testifying their delight. They had been made to believe that they would never gain their liberty, and they were brought face to face with it when least expected.

It was as a beautiful toy given to a child after months of hopeless longing on its part; it was such joy as never kills, but animates the dullest class of humanity.

But we could not stay there all day looking at this happy mass of people; the crowds and their yells were increasing, and in a short time we should be unable to move at all. The negroes, in their ecstasy, could not be made to understand that they were detaining the President; they looked upon him as belonging to them, and that he had come to put the crowning act to the great work he had commenced. They should not feel they were free in reality until they heard it from his own lips. At length he spoke. He could not move for the mass of people; he had to do something.

"My poor friends," he said, "you are free—free as air. You can cast off the name of slave and trample upon it; it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as He gave it to others, and it is as in that you have been deprived of it for so many years. But you must try to deserve this priceless boon. Let the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good works. Don't let your joy carry you into excesses.

"Learn the laws and obey them; obey God's commandments, and thank Him for giving you liberty, for to Him you owe all things. There, now, let me pass on; I have but little time to spare. I want to see the capital, and must return at once to Washington to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

The crowd shouted and screeched as if they would split the firmament, though while the President was speaking you might have heard a pin drop. I don't think anyone could do justice to that scene; it would be necessary to photograph it to understand it.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY A. E. WARD.—[See page 100.]

From Harper's Weekly, April 15, 1865.

GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT

WITH LINCOLN FROM WASHINGTON TO RICHMOND IN 1865

By JOHN S. BARNES

Late United States Navy

ILLUSTRATED BY WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A NOTABLE COLLECTION RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT

I. THE PRESIDENT SEES A FIGHT AND A REVIEW



WHILE in command of the United States Ship *Bat* in the month of March, 1865, attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, Rear Admiral Porter commanding, I received orders to proceed without delay to Washington, and report in person to the Secretary of the Navy.

Fort Fisher had fallen and all accessible ports of the South were in our possession;

blockade running had ceased, and the *Bat* had been employed as a dispatch boat, and had made many trips to Washington and Baltimore on dispatch service, also to points South embraced by Admiral Porter's command.

On the arrival of the *Bat* at Washington on the 20th day of March, 1865, I reported to the Navy Department, and was received by Mr. G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, immediately upon my arrival. Mr. Fox, who had previously been my guest,

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CITY POINT IN 1865

The landing, showing terminus of the military railway by which President Lincoln reached the front and over which army supplies were transported.

and had made a trip to City Point in the *Bat*, discussed with me her interior arrangements, the unoccupied space below decks, and then informed me that the President desired to visit General Grant at City Point, and had applied to the Navy Department

for transportation, and that he thought the *Bat* was, or might be made, a suitable ship for him to go and return in, or perhaps to live on board of during his visit to General Grant's headquarters. I replied to Mr. Fox that if he would place the resources of the



VIEW FROM GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS

Showing transports and gunboats at anchor in the James River off City Point.

Washington Navy Yard at my disposal, I could in a few days make such arrangements as to insure the personal comfort of the President as long as he desired to make the *Bat* his home. Mr. Fox then took me over to the White House, and we were at once admitted to the President. After introducing me as the captain of the vessel detailed by the department to take him to City Point, Mr. Fox left us with the remark, "Now, Mr. President, you have only to give him your orders as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and

several other like vessels by Messrs. Jones, Quiggan & Co., of Liverpool. She was a sidewheel steamer, long and narrow, drawing about nine feet when loaded, and driven by four oscillating engines, turning huge-feathering paddle wheels; her hull was of steel plates three sixteenths of an inch in thickness; under full steam she had a speed of eighteen knots. On her maiden trip from Bermuda to Wilmington, in command of a captain in the English Naval Reserve, laden with army medicines and contraband goods, she was



LOOKING UP THE JAMES FROM CITY POINT

Showing train of army wagons returning from the front. Headquarters steamer lying at the pier.

Navy of the United States." Mr. Lincoln replied, "I'm only a fresh-water sailor and I guess I have to trust to you salt-water folks when afloat." After a few minutes' talk, mainly as to the size and accommodations of the *Bat*, during which the President said he wanted no luxuries but only plain, simple food and ordinary comfort—that what was good enough for me would be good enough for him—I left him, returned to the Navy Department, and secured orders to Captain Montgomery, commanding the Washington Navy Yard, to do all things needed to make the vessel ready to receive Mr. Lincoln and to finish the work as soon as possible. The *Bat* was the highly developed type of "blockade runner" built for the special purpose with

captured in attempting to run the blockade off Cape Fear River. Condemned as a prize, she was hastily converted into a gunboat for blockading duty.

The next morning early I received orders to report at the White House, and on my arrival there I was at once shown to the President's private room—not his office. Mr. Lincoln was there and received me with great cordiality, but with a certain kind of embarrassment and a look of sadness which struck me forcibly and rather embarrassed me. He appeared tired and worried, and after a few casual remarks said that Mrs. Lincoln had decided that she would accompany him to City Point, and could the *Bat* accommodate her and her maid servant. I was, in sailor's

phrase, taken "all aback." The *Bat* was in no respect adapted to the private life of womankind, nor could she be made so. I ventured to state some of the difficulties—as delicately as I could. "Well," said the President, "I understand, but you will have to see mother," and I was soon ushered into the presence of Mrs. Lincoln.

She received me very graciously, standing with arms folded, and at once opened the

to meet her wishes. In great consternation I went to the Navy Department, and explained to Mr. Fox the situation; how utterly impossible it was to make the *Bat* at all suitable for the reasonable requirements of the wife of the President. Mr. Fox at once recognized the impossibility, and again we went to the White House, where at once received by Mr. Lincoln, when in very funny terms the President translated our difficulties, and



LONG BRIDGE WHERE SHERIDAN'S ARMY CROSSED THE JAMES

The bridge is part pontoon and part piling. A boatload of Federal engineers employed on construction work.

conversation by saying that she had learned from one of her friends, Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris, of New York, that I was an old acquaintance and relative. I expressed my great satisfaction at the recognition and remarked that Miss Clara Harris was one of my best friends also.

Mrs. Lincoln then said, "I am going with the President to City Point, and I want you to arrange your ship to take me, my maid, and my officer, as well as the President." There was some other desultory talk, the general result of which was that I would confer with Mr. Lincoln and see what I could do

Mr. Fox promised the President that he would provide another and more appropriate craft for the transportation of his family.

The alterations to the *Bat* were stopped and the steamer *River Queen* was chartered for Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln's accommodation. She was a river passenger side-wheel boat, with the ordinary civilian officers and crew, without armament.

By the orders of the Department, I was directed to accompany her, and keep her in convoy, and was placed under the immediate direction of the President and charged with his safe conduct to City Point and return.



PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE JAMES AT TURKEY BEND

Showing drawbridge open and flooded area on the opposite shore.

During the term of Mr. Lincoln he was constantly threatened with assassination. From the moment of his election before he left Springfield, during the journey to Washington, after his inauguration, and up to the time of the great disaster, threatening or warning letters were constantly received.

He was in constant danger of assault or abduction. This danger was very seriously impressed upon me both by Mr. Fox and Mr. Welles. Mr. Fox particularly felt that the President was incurring great risk in making the journey and living on board an unarmed, fragile river-boat, so easily assailed



NEAR AITKEN'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER

Where the exchange of prisoners between the Federal and Confederate lines was usually effected.

and so vulnerable. Plots and conspiracies were then known or believed to exist against the person of the President. The steamboat *Greyhound*, almost a sister vessel to the *River Queen*, employed by General Butler as his headquarters boat, had lately been destroyed by the explosion of an "infernal machine" while passing from Fortress Monroe to City Point, and General Butler and Admiral Porter, passengers, very narrowly escaped with their lives from the burning ship. The machine in this case—and there were several similar explosions on army transports—consisted of what was an innocent-appearing lump of coal, but was in reality a block of cast iron with a core containing ten or fifteen pounds of powder, or high explosive. Covered with a mixture of tar and coal dust, it was difficult to detect its character. The Confederates had an organized body of men who were charged with the placing of these machines in coal piles, or coal barges, from which our vessels took their supplies.

Mr. Fox laid great stress upon the care to be taken in coaling, and the protection against bombs and infernal machines, poisons, and treachery. It was plain that he was apprehensive, and expressed great regret that the determination of Mrs. Lincoln to accompany the President had made the *Bat* an impossible home for him and his family party. On board of the *Bat* he would have been comparatively secure, and I was confident that he could be surrounded by every possible protective care.

While probably not oblivious to the danger

of his position, President Lincoln was much less disturbed by it than many others. During the journey and upon several occasions after its accomplishment this was a matter of conversation between officers at headquarters, and among naval men. A tremendous and most destructive explosion of a mechanical bomb had just occurred at City Point, upon the dock, wrecking some of the shipping and ruining vast quantities of army stores.

The President expressed great contempt for cowardly assaults of such nature, and lived and moved about in utter disregard of them. Unlike the high officers of all governments to-day, there were no private detectives guarding his person. From time to time, so-called despots on foreign thrones had been threatened or attacked by anarchists and socialistic madmen, but such political crimes were not greatly or publicly apprehended in this country. But of course, owing to the condition of affairs, precautions were to be taken in Mr. Lincoln's journeyings and were



LAST PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN BEFORE HIS ASSASSINATION

Taken March 6, 1865, on the balcony of the White House.

provided by the escort of the *Bat*, and by his military surroundings at General Grant's headquarters at City Point. Whatever uneasiness existed in the minds of the Navy Department officials, however, found no reflection in Mr. Lincoln's mind, and I can assert most positively that during the period of my service in the character of guardian he never exhibited the slightest concern for his personal safety. He lived and moved about as freely and unconcernedly as the least conspicuous citizen, and as I reported to him for orders,

with the usual salute and compliments of the morning and evening, he would lay out his plans for daily excursions to scenes or places of interest with Mrs. Lincoln, his sons, and some invited guests or acquaintances, and waive with great gentleness but firmness all suggestions of escort which had even the appearance of personal protection.

The *River Queen*, closely followed by the *Bat*, left Washington on March 23, 1865, Mr. Lincoln embarking at the Sixth Street wharf at 1 P.M., and anchored off City Point very late on the evening of March 24. Communication was had with General Grant, and it was proposed to hold a general review of the troops before Petersburg the next day at about noon. I reported to Mr. Lincoln early in the morning on the 25th, was invited to breakfast with the family, and escorted Mrs. Lincoln to the breakfast room on the lower or main deck of the *Queen*. Mr. Lincoln, who was not looking well, had been indisposed the day before, and attributed it to the drinking water furnished the *Queen* at Washington; indeed we had stopped at Fortress Monroe the day before and taken on a supply of fresh water in demijohns, for Mr. Lincoln's special use. The only persons present at the breakfast were "Thad," the youngest son, and Captain Penrose, of the Commissary Department. Mr. Lincoln ate very little, but was very jolly and pleasant. While at breakfast, Captain Robert Lincoln came in from General Grant and said that there had been a fight that morning at the front and the action was then going on; that the reports at General Grant's headquarters were meager, but that our troops were successful in repelling an assault upon our lines, and that the proposed review would have to be postponed. Mr. Lincoln sent a dispatch to Mr. Stanton, which he wrote at the table and gave to Captain Lincoln to have sent. He spoke of the fight, made light of it, calling it a "rumpus at the front." After breakfast several officers, including Admiral Porter, called to pay their respects; there was a general conversation, and we all walked up to General Grant's headquarters. There it was learned that the fight at the front had been quite serious, but at that time was practically over, resulting in a decided victory for our men. After some discussion, Mr. Lincoln expressed a great desire to visit the scene of the action, the particulars of which were still wanting, nothing being known except the general result.

General Grant was rather opposed to such a trip for the President, as possibly being an exposure, but the reports from the front, coming in constantly, being reassuring, a special train was made up at about noontime, and with a large party we slowly proceeded over the Military Railroad, roughly constructed between City Point and the front, to General Meade's headquarters. On our arrival there, and indeed before we reached the scene, while we were passing through a portion of the field of battle, the very serious nature of the conflict of that morning was apparent. The Confederates under General Gordon, at early daylight, had made a swift and sudden assault upon our lines of investment of Petersburg, had captured Fort Stedman and several other batteries, with many persons, including a general officer, and driven our men back close to and over the railroad embankment upon which our train was then halted. The ground immediately about us was still strewn with dead and wounded men, Federal and Confederate. The whole army was under arms and moving to the left, where the fight was still going on, and a desultory firing of both musketry and artillery was seen and heard.

Mr. Lincoln was taken in charge by General Meade, and mounted on horseback rode to an eminence near by, from which a good view of the scene could be secured. Horses had been sent out on the train, and I was fortunate in securing one. We passed through the spot where the fight had been most severe, and where great numbers of dead were lying, with burial parties at their dreadful work. Many Confederate wounded were still lying on the ground, being attended to by surgeons and men of the Sanitary Commission, distributing water and bread. We passed by two thousand rebel prisoners of war, herded together, who had been captured within our lines only a few hours before. Mr. Lincoln remarked upon their sad and unhappy condition, and indeed they were as sorry and dirty a lot of humanity as can be imagined, but they had fought desperately, and no doubt were glad to be at rest. Mr. Lincoln was quiet and observant, making few comments, and listened to explanations in a cool, collected manner, betraying no excitement, but his whole face showing sympathetic feeling for the suffering about him. Before returning to the train a flag of truce was flying between the opposing lines, now each reoccupied, and ambulances were moving and

burial parties from the Confederate lines occupied in taking off the wounded and burying the dead lying between the lines where the slaughter of Confederates had been greatest. Once again on the train, to which cars filled with our wounded men had been attached, Mr. Lincoln looked worn and haggard. He remarked that he had seen enough of the horrors of war, that he hoped this was the beginning of the end, and that there would be no more bloodshed or ruin of homes. Indeed, then and many times after did he reiterate the same hope with grave earnestness.

I related to him an incident of that day when, having received a haversack of crackers and a canteen of water, I employed a half hour in going among the wounded lying on the ground, and came across a little red-headed boy in butternut clothes, moaning, and muttering over and over, "Mother! Mother!" I asked him where he was hurt, when he looked up at me and turned toward me the back of his head, where a bullet had plowed a ghastly furrow, and then with the effort expired. Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears and his voice was choked with emotion, and he repeated the well-known expression about "robbing the cradle and the grave."

We returned slowly by train to City Point. Mr. Lincoln, overcome by the excitement and events of the day, desired to rest on the *Queen* with his family, and, declining the invitation to take supper at General Grant's headquarters, saw no one again that evening. Briefly, what he had that morning telegraphed to Mr. Stanton and described as a "rumpus at the front" was a most sanguinary battle and almost the last of the war. The losses on the Confederate side were as reported the next day, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nearly five thousand men, and on the Federal side over two thousand. On the following day, the 26th, many dead and some wounded still lay unburied and unattended between the lines of intrenchment only a few yards apart. On the 26th, on reporting to Mr. Lincoln, I found him quite recovered from the fatigue and excitement of the day before; reports from the front were wholly reassuring, our troops back in their original positions, with some material advantages gained along the lines. The President, while lamenting the great loss of life and the sufferings of the wounded, expressed the greatest confidence that the war was drawing to

an end. He read me several dispatches from Mr. Stanton, expressing anxiety as to his exposing himself, and drawing contrasts between the duty of a "general" and a "president"; also several dispatches from the front sent him by General Grant. He was greatly pleased to hear that General Sheridan had reached the bank of the river at Harrison's Landing, and that his cavalry would that day cross and join General Grant's army. After breakfast Mr. Lincoln went to Grant's headquarters and sent some dispatches to Mr. Stanton, saying that he would take care of himself.

General Sheridan and General Ord were there, also several other generals and Admiral Porter. It was suggested that, as the President had seen a "fight instead of a review" the day before, he should employ the day in an excursion to see Sheridan's troops crossing the river at Harrison's Landing, review the naval flotilla, and then review General Ord's division then encamped on the left bank of the James, near Malvern Hill, the scene of the bloody battle between Magruder's and General McClellan's armies.

Horses and ambulances for the ladies were placed on the *River Queen*, as Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant were to attend these ceremonies, and soon we were passing down the river to the point of the crossing of Sheridan's troops. General Sheridan was of the party, and the President very kindly insisted that I should "come along," as he expressed it.

The scene was a lively one, and the President enjoyed it hugely. A pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river, over which were passing, in a stream, Sheridan's cavalry, while the bank of the river was lined with them, some bathing and watering their horses, laughing and shouting to each other and having a fine time. They soon found out that the President was watching them and cheered vociferously. A few moments were given to this, and then the *River Queen* turned and passed through the naval flotilla, ranged in double line, dressed with flags, the crews on deck cheering as the *River Queen* passed by. Admiral Porter had sent his orders ahead before starting, and the ships made a brave show and the President was apparently delighted and the Admiral naturally very proud of his command. Mr. Lincoln as he passed each vessel waved his high hat as if saluting old friends in his native town, and

seemed as happy as a schoolboy. On reaching the *Malvern*, Admiral Porter's flagship, the *Queen* went alongside, and we found there spread out in her spacious cabin a grand luncheon. How the Admiral could have gotten up such a repast on so short a notice was a source of wonder and surprise to Mr. Lincoln, as it was to everyone who enjoyed it. It was the cause of funny comments and remarks by the President, contrasting army and naval life, as was witnessed by the laughter among the group immediately about him, of which he was the moving spirit. Luncheon over, we all reëmbarked on the *Queen*, and she proceeded to Aitken's Landing, where the horses and ambulances were put ashore. Many officers of General Ord's division were in waiting to accompany and escort the President to the field review, which was to be reached over a rough corduroy road leading to the pontoon bridge close by, connecting the right and left wings of the army.

The arrangements were that Mr. Lincoln should go on horseback, accompanied by General Grant and General Ord with their respective staffs (I am not certain that General Sheridan also was with the President), then Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant were to be conducted to the ground in an ambulance, under the special escort of Gen. Horace Porter and Colonel Badeau. General Porter very kindly but reluctantly, and with some misgivings as to my horsemanship, and jocular remarks about sailors on horseback, lent me his own favorite steed. There was some delay in starting, owing, it was said, to the unreadiness of the ladies, but at last the cavalcade got off, General Grant and General Ord, riding on each side of the President, leading. The ambulance with Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant was to follow. Just as we left, General Ord introduced me to his wife, who was also on horseback, saying, "Captain, I put Mrs. Ord in charge of the navy"; so Mrs. Ord and I closed up the rear. She was a remarkably handsome woman, and a most accomplished equestrienne, riding with extreme grace a spirited bay horse. General Ord also referred to the horsemanship of sailors, but added that Mrs. Ord would look out for me.

There were probably twenty or thirty officers and a few orderlies in the party, all in their best uniforms, and as brilliant a squadron as could be expected from an army in the field. The President was in high spirits,

laughing and chatting first to General Grant and then to General Ord as they rode forward through the woods and over the swamps on the rather intricate and tortuous approach to the pontoon bridge. The distance to General Ord's encampment was about three or four miles. The President was dressed in a long-tailed black frock coat, not buttoned, black vest, low cut, with a considerable expanse of a rather rumpled shirt front, a black carelessly tied necktie, black trousers without straps, which, as he ambled along, gradually worked up uncomfortably and displayed some inches of white socks. Upon his head he wore a high silk hat, rather out of fashion, and innocent of a brush for many days, if ever it had been smoothed by one. He rode with some ease, however, with very long stirrup leathers, lengthened to their extreme to suit his extraordinarily long limbs. His horse was gentle with an easy pacing, or single-foot, gait, and our progress was rapid; but owing to the luncheon and delay in starting we reached the parade ground at a late hour.

The division was under arms drawn up in a wide field at parade rest, and had been so for several hours. After hurried conferences with the commanding officer, General Ord reported to General Grant, who referred to the President, with the statement that the soldiers' mealtime was long past, and asked should the review be delayed to await the coming of Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant, not yet arrived—in fact, as it turned out, the ambulance under charge of Porter and Badeau had either missed the route or was entangled in the maze of the rough approaches to the pontoon. Mr. Lincoln exclaimed against any further postponement, and in a few minutes the review commenced; the President, with General Grant and General Ord leading, proceeded to the right of the line and passed in front, the bands playing, colors dipping, and the soldiers at present arms. Mrs. Ord asked me whether it was proper for her to accompany the cavalcade, now very numerous. I replied that I was ignorant of army usages and ceremonies, but a staff officer, to whom I referred the matter, said, "Of course! Come along!" and gladly enough we fell in the rear and followed the reviewing column. Halfway down the line the ambulance with the ladies drove in upon the field. Seeing it, Mrs. Ord exclaimed, "There come Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant. I think I had better join them." Reining out of the crowd, we galloped across the field and

drew up by the side of the wagon. Our reception was not cordial; it was evident that some unpleasantness had occurred. Porter and Badeau looked unhappy, and Mrs. Grant silent and embarrassed. It was a painful situation from which the only escape was to retire. The review was over, and Mrs. Ord and myself with a few officers rode back to headquarters at City Point.

After visiting the *River Queen* I retired early, rather tired with my unwonted horseback exercise; but about eleven o'clock I was awakened by the orderly, with a message from the President saying that he would like to see me on the *River Queen*. I dressed as quickly as possible, repaired on board, and found Mr. Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln awaiting me in the upper saloon. The President seemed weary and greatly distressed, with an expression of sadness that seemed the accentuation of the shadow of melancholy which at times so marked his features. He took little part in the conversation which ensued, which evidently followed some previous discussion with Mrs. Lincoln, who had objected very strenuously to the presence of other ladies at the review that day, and had thought that Mrs. Ord had been too prominent in it, that the troops were led to think that she was the wife of the President, who had distinguished her with too much attention. Mr. Lincoln very gently suggested that he had hardly remarked the presence of the lady, but Mrs. Lincoln was hardly to be pacified and appealed to me to support her views. Of course I could not umpire such a question, and could only state why Mrs. Ord and myself found ourselves in the reviewing column, and how immediately we withdrew from it upon the appearance of the ambulance with Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant.

It was a very unhappy experience, the particulars of which need not be gone into, nor would I here refer to it, but that it has been referred to by others in various publications and bears upon the cause of the vein of sadness which ran through the naturally cheerful disposition of the greatest and noblest man this country has produced. I extricated myself as well as I could, but with difficulty, and asked permission to retire, the President bidding me good night sadly and gently.

The following morning I reported as usual to the President, who received me with marked kindness, read to me, in the small stateroom converted into an office, his dispatches from Mr. Stanton and the news from the front, particularly the reports of the casualties of the battle on the 25th, which greatly increased the numbers previously reported on both sides. Thad was about, demonstrative as usual, clinging to his father and caressed affectionately by him. I inquired for Mrs. Lincoln, hoping that she had recovered from the fatigue of the previous day. Mr. Lincoln said that she was not at all well, and expressed the fear that the excitements of the surroundings were too great for her, or for any woman. After a few minutes thus passed, Mr. Lincoln said he was going to General Grant's headquarters and asked me to go there with him, which we proceeded to do afoot.

City Point was a busy place; the river crowded with gunboats, monitors, transports, and colliers; the quartermaster's docks lined with vessels of every description unloading stores and munitions for the Grand Army; large storehouses filled to repletion covered the docks and approaches; innumerable teams were going and coming to and from the front every hour of the day and night. For convenience in landing and returning, the *River Queen* had been placed alongside the dock and a gangplank connected her with the wharf. The *Martin*, a similar steamboat to the *Queen*, was also fastened to the dock. She was General Grant's headquarters boat, and upon her Mrs. Grant and her family were living. It was sometimes a question as to precedence as to which boat should lie inside—a question not raised by Mr. Lincoln. But Mrs. Lincoln thought that the President's boat should have place, and declined to go ashore if she had to do so over Mrs. Grant's boat, and several times the *Martin* was pushed out and the *Queen* in, requiring some work and creating confusion, despite Mr. Lincoln's expostulations. The boats came to be called "Mrs. Lincoln's boat" and "Mrs. Grant's boat" and the open discussions between their respective skippers were sometimes warm. Of course, neither Mr. Lincoln nor General Grant took any notice of such trivialities.

(To be continued.)

Mystery of Confederate Millions Is Cleared Up

Resident of Chattanooga Tells Circumstantial Story of Robbery by Discharged Soldiers.

SOME LOOTERS BECAME WEALTHY IN WEST

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Saturday.—What became of the millions of dollars in gold and silver taken by President Davis and his official family when the Confederate government abandoned Richmond?

For forty-two years this question has been asked and conflicting answers have been given by persons supposed to have been in positions giving opportunity for substantial and truthful explanations.

A large number of persons believed that Mr. Davis managed to get possession of the coin entrusted to the care of the Confederate government. But evidence is conclusive that the Confederacy's president had no hand in its "slipping away."

A still larger number believe that the soldiers of the Union army stole the coin when the wagons, in which it was loaded, were overtaken and captured at a point near Washington, Ga. There is no evidence to this effect.

Some people think the money was buried deep in Georgia soil. There are all kinds of opinions about the disappearance of the millions, but perhaps no more trustworthy explanation can be furnished than that of Judge Shepherd, a foremost attorney of this city, a respected citizen and a former officer in Vaughan's brigade. Judge Shepherd finally said:—

"The story is an old one to many persons living in this State, and I regret to say that the disreputable actions of some of the star performers do not reflect credit on Tennessee's former citizens. When the Confederate government abandoned Richmond as its capital all its archives and treasures were sent, under military escort, to Charlotte, N. C. The banks of Richmond sent away their treasures under protection of the same escort. President Davis and his cabinet also came to Charlotte and established temporary headquarters.

"Before they reached Charlotte Richmond and Petersburg had fallen, and General Lee had surrendered, and in a few days Sherman and Joseph E. Johnston had agreed upon an armistice by their celebrated paper, under which it was proposed that peace should be made and that the seceding States should resume their relations to the government. This treaty, if it had been carried out, would have obviated reconstruction, for it covered the entire subject of restoration of peace and return of the Southern States to the Union and of their Senators and Representatives to Congress. This armistice was repudiated by President Johnson and his cabinet on the ground that the military commanders had exceeded their powers in undertaking to settle the terms on which the States might resume their functions.

DAVIS TRIES TO SAVE SELF.

"Mr. Davis, being advised that President Johnson had repudiated the Sherman-Johnston treaty, began efforts to prevent the capture of himself and the treasures of the Confederacy. The gold and silver of the Confederacy and of the Richmond banks were loaded into wagons, and Davis with his Cabinet Ministers started South, guarded by three brigades of cavalry—Dibrell's, Vaughan's and Duke's. When we arrived at Washington, Ga., it became apparent to Mr. Davis that he could not escape the vigilance of the federal cavalry, which was closing in on him from every direction, so the money kegs belonging to the Confederate government were opened and the silver divided among the boys, each, without regard to rank, receiving \$26.50. They were granted indefinite furloughs. Mr. Davis, with his family, pushed on South, and a few days afterward was captured by the federals.

"Meanwhile the officers of the banks sought the aid of federal commanders to return this specie to Richmond, and obtained a permit to return with it to Richmond; also a guard of soldiers to protect it on its return trip. Some of the officers and men of Vaughan's Brigade became apprised that a train of specie was being carried north under federal escort and jumped to the conclusion that it was the property of the Confederate government, which the federals had captured. They concluded that their four years of service for the Confederacy entitled them to a share of this gold and silver if they could snatch it from the federal guard. With them the war was not yet over and they acted upon the idea that anything was fair in war. They organized an expedition to capture this money and followed the train until a favorable opportunity of attack presented itself; they charged the train, disarmed the guard, and proceeded to knock the heads out of the kegs containing the coin and fill their forage sacks with gold pieces. Several got away with \$50,000 apiece; some were content with \$25,000, and others with less amounts, depending upon the carrying capacity of their sacks and saddlebags.

"One fellow began to fill his sack out of the first keg he came to, which proved a keg of silver. He was happy when he lugged off his bag of silver dollars, but when he met his companions later when they stopped to count their money and found that, while he had such a bulky load, it counted up only about \$4,000, while his comrades, disdaining the silver kegs, had obtained large sums in gold, he became greatly disturbed over his ill luck and insisted that his more fortunate brother soldiers divide their gold with him. This they refused to do and he determined to turn informer, which he did. Upon information furnished by him several of the others were apprehended and compelled to give up their booty, but some were wise to keep on until they were safe.

"I personally knew several men who got some of the money. One of them was the captain of my company and another was his brother. Two of these men, officers of Colonel Neal's Sixteenth Tennessee battalion, went with their money, amounting to more than \$120,000, to Kansas City, Mo., where they engaged in banking and real estate, becoming men of wealth. Two others went to California and with more than \$100,000 at last accounts were high up in the business world.

"One of the wealthiest planters in Texas got his start with the money obtained from those kegs. Others invested money in the cattle business.

"The Richmond banks spent large amounts of money in vain efforts to recover their money and detect the men who had stolen it. Some twenty years after the war was over they received information that bankers of the Western city were among the men who had taken their money, but they had no way of establishing the truth of the information, as witnesses of the transaction could not afford to tell. This, in brief, is the unwritten chapter of the civil war, and shows how a handful of rebel soldiers got a pile of money."

Judge Eagan, another prominent lawyer of Chattanooga, makes practically the same statement as Judge Shepherd, and there are other citizens who vouch for the story.

An interesting story of the gold and silver carried away from Richmond is brought out in a statement made by James Jones, who was body-servant to President Jefferson Davis and was with him the night he was captured. He says:—

"I was not with Mr. Davis when he left Richmond. He had sent me with Mrs. Davis and other members of the family to Charlotte, N. C., taking with us horses and carriages. Mr. Davis deemed it best to get Mrs. Davis and the children out of Rich-

mond. About the time of General Lee's surrender we were joined in Charlotte by Mr. Davis' secretary, Mr. Burton Harrison, and we went by cars to Newberry, S. C., where we remained a few days, and then went to Abbeville, S. C., and thence to Washington, Ga., stopping at the home of Colonel Burt. After a few days here we embarked by private conveyance for a trip through the lower section of the State, and soon after the journey began we were overtaken by Mr. Davis, Secretary Reagan and other members of Mr. Davis' official family, together with a detachment of cavalymen.

"There was a feeling of fear that some of the bands of stragglers might attack us, with the hope of securing the money and valuables which it was generally believed we had with us. It is true that an immense sum—more than \$13,000,000—had been with us, but it had been safely placed out of sight. To be candid, this money and other valuables had been placed in my care. It was in kegs and boxes and was kept in a freight car, which was shifted around from place to place until an opportune time arrived to have

it sent to Newberry, S. C., where it was turned over to Captain Parker.

"I had orders to do this, and Captain Parker had the kegs and boxes placed in wagons and carted to a point several miles from Washington, Ga., where it was buried. My, my! but I felt relieved when Captain Parker and myself were not responsible for that money. Thirteen millions in gold and silver, in kegs and boxes, and jerked around from place to place in a freight car, was not a very pleasant experience."

This could not have been the coin out of which the Tennessee soldiers helped themselves, for there is evidence that many millions more went out of Richmond about or at the time Mr. Davis departed. A letter from Brigadier General William J. Palmer from near Atlanta, dated May 12, 1865, to the War Department, Washington, says:—

"While searching for Davis near the fork of the Appalachian and Oconee rivers, Colonel Betts, Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, captured seven wagons hid in the woods, which contained \$158,000 in coin, \$1,585,000 in bank notes, bonds, &c., of various Southern States, and about \$4,000,000 Confederate money, besides considerable specie, silver plate, and other private valuables. * * * It is estimated that the Confederate government may have had in its possession some \$32,000,000, the property of different Southern banks, including those of New Orleans, removed from various points to avoid capture, it having been the original intention to return these funds when danger of falling into our hands had passed."

General Halleck sent a telegram April 27, 1865, from Richmond to Major General Thomas, Washington, saying:—

"The bankers have information to-day that Jeff Davis' specie is moving south from Goldsboro in wagons as fast as possible. * * * The specie is estimated at \$6,000,000 to \$13,000,000."

There is abundant evidence that millions went out of Richmond before its fall, but what became of it is only partly told by Judge Shepherd. That some one besides the Confederate soldiers had a hand in its disbursement there can be little doubt.

LINCOLN'S RICHMOND VISIT

By BENJAMIN F. MONTGOMERY

WHEN Mr. Lincoln occupied the White House I was a genuine "Johnny Reb., Jr.," a child of sorrow, forever hungry and acquainted with grief. Notwithstanding my circumscribed environment and the rebellious attitude of my ambitious appetite, my daily life was a series of "moving pictures" such as few boys have witnessed, for I stood close to the crimson edge of battle which fringed with fire the rear guard of Lee's crumbling veterans. It was then that I got my first and last sight of Abraham Lincoln. It came like a flash, out of the tumult and tempest of a riotous and smoldering city, and faded like a vision, in a confused perspective of shouting people and ruined houses.

On the morning of the 4th of April, 1865, the day after the entry of the Federal troops of Grant's army into Richmond, Virginia, Mr. Lincoln left Admiral Porter's flagship, the Malvern, at the landing in Rocketts—a suburb of the city—and, in a calm and common-place manner, set out to walk alone up town. When the Admiral was told of this unusual and unmilitary entry of the Commander-in-Chief into a captured capital, filled with so many enemies and beset with dangers on every side, he was probably alarmed. He at once ordered a guard of marines to escort the president, but as Mr. Lincoln had a good start and a long stride he put many "laps" between himself and his body-guard. It is said that he walked alone two miles. When I saw him his escort looked as though they had just overtaken him on a "double time" movement, and he was then some miles from his landing place. He had walked with perfect confidence, unconscious of all danger, freely inquiring of passers-by the way to the house of "Mr. Davis."

One of a crowd of scantily-clad, hungry, but alert and wildly excited boys, I stood at the corner of Main and Fifteenth Streets in Richmond, and amid a struggling, swaying mass of people saw the hollow square of sailors carrying carbines. In the centre of this square, I saw the tall form of a man, clad in a black frock-coat, wearing on his head what seemed to me the queerest looking and the biggest silk hat I had ever seen. He towered far above the people crowding about him. This picture of the tall man, clad in black

and wearing his peculiar hat, and on his face the sad, yet kindly expression, as he watched the frenzied people in their efforts to get near him—some with joy, some—possibly—with hate, in their hearts—is still fresh in my memory. I remember it as a soothing, peaceful influence—a good spirit moving over an angry scene of strife.

In the sober thought of maturer years I recall this strange picture of a victorious leader of a great nation, in time of war, entering the chief city of the conquered, practically unattended, in as simple and unob-

[]

trusive a manner as the humblest citizen who eagerly waited to see him.

How strangely in contrast with the other great ones of earth, in all their pride, pagantry and "pomp of power," who have marched in triumph at the head of their exulting hosts, into the captured cities of their defeated enemies; how, devoid of all offence or display of power before a fallen people, it gilds the character with greater glory. There was no need of beating drums, flaring trumpets and serried ranks to keep the stately poise of this great soul at its high level, and Lincoln, the plain man, who truly loved the "common people," without fear or exaltation, sought the homes and hearts of his estranged countrymen. With the power of a great

2 (incomplete)

TOLD BY HAZARDVILLE VETERAN.

Bandmaster William Kerr helped Lincoln without being aware of the fact. *Spangled Banner 2-13-09*

William Kerr, the well-known civil war veteran of Hazardville, Ct., takes delight in telling of the following incident in which he helped Lincoln indirectly, although he did not know it at the time:—

"It was when we were in Richmond, Va., after the war, that it happened; Lincoln was in Richmond at the time reviewing the troops and though there had been no demonstration of any kind against him, his friends and northern supporters were very uneasy every time the president exposed himself to the public. I was bandmaster of the 1st brigade, third division, 24th artillery corps, Gen Ripley commanding, and at that time was stationed at the corner of Eighteenth and Broad streets; the whole brigade had strict orders not to go away from quarters as we might have work to do at any time, and we were hanging around near by passing the time as best we could. Several of the other men and myself were leaning against a fence on Eighteenth street, between Broad street and Newspaper row, when, from the direction of Main street there came to our ears a faint murmur like the humming of numbers of insects; we stopped talking and listened, and as the sound grew louder it resembled the shouts of a crowd, although there was nothing distinguishable about the voices. Soon, however, a crowd of people could be seen coming around the corner into the further end of Eighteenth street, and borne on the wind, we could hear the shouting, 'Lincoln! Lincoln! Abe Lincoln's come! Rah! Rah! Rah!'

"And then turning around the corner far down the street we could see the blue coats of the jacks as they wheeled, and for one short instant we could see the figure of Lincoln, marching along, distinguished by his tall hat,—and by his side was a short plump figure in blue coat resplendent with brass buttons. 'Porter' said the fellow next to me; and then they were hidden from view in the crowd that filled the street from curb to curb. Slowly they marched up the street,—for they had to force their way through the crowd, and at last they came into view, the admiral walking stiffly along looking neither to right or left and the president with his stooped shoulders and loose-fitting clothes, and awkward gait; there was something about him that was good to look on; it wasn't his physical appearance, for he was ill-appearing, but it was the smile that lit up his face, the smile of a man who has had great burdens and has conquered them,—and Lincoln acted as though a great load of care had been lifted from his shoulders, though sorrow had left its mark. Past our quarters they marched, straight up to the last house on the right-hand side the 'White House of the confederacy,' and there the crowd collected.

"I was just going to quarters again when I met a staff officer hurrying toward me, holding a large envelope in his hand, I

knew that meant orders, and, opening it hurriedly, read, 'Assemble band, March to Jeff's house, and play for Lincoln.' We welcomed the orders with a shout of joy and our little band assembled in shorter notice than it had ever done before. The crowd by this time was enormous and it was with difficulty that we forced our way to Jeff's house, as it was called, but we did, and there we played tunes for an hour and a half,—the best we had in the shop, everything from 'Yankee Doodle' to the 'Star Spangled Banner,' for we were playing for Lincoln. Then an orderly came out with another envelope and this time it read: 'Proceed to Capitol square, form on eastern steps of capitol and play,' and the orderly added: 'My impression is, sir, that Lincoln will make a speech.'

"There happened to be a cavalryman near me and I told him to get some of his men together and open a way through to Capitol square, as the crowd was so thick we could not move. He went off and after a while came back and we started toward the capitol playing like mad, marched into Capitol square and on to the eastern steps. Word had gone around that Lincoln was going to speak, and we ourselves thought so, too. Accordingly we tuned up again and played, thinking Lincoln would appear at any moment, but we played and played on and still there were no signs of him. Then an orderly wormed his way through the crowd and gave me a paper to read; it was as follows: 'President Lincoln finds that, owing to important business matters, it will be impossible for him to speak.'

"I read it to the crowd and the word went like wildfire, and everybody seemed to be disappointed. Before long the crowd had thinned out enough for us to go back to quarters and it took no second invitation to have us go, either.

"That night the officer in charge came around to our quarters and looked us over; he told us we were the most dilapidated band he had seen since the war began, but just as he was leaving his features relaxed a little and he said: 'Perhaps you didn't know it, boys, but you did famously in cleaning out that crowd for us. When we saw the crowd that had collected, we were afraid someone might do the president harm, so we decided to get him on board his ship as soon as possible, and we used you for the means. We knew the crowd would go where the music went, and when everybody had gone over to the square, Lincoln and Porter went down to the harbor. Good-night' boys, and he went out. And we were satisfied, for we had seen Lincoln and had even helped him, though in a very small way. Someone broke out with 'Three cheers for Abe Lincoln,' and the old quarters rang with our cheers. When we had crawled into our blankets that evening, I lay awake for a long time, just thinking, and then Jule Allen nudged me on the back, and said, 'Say, Bill, we've got something to remember Old Abe by, ain't we?' and I answered, 'We sure have, Jule,' and we went to sleep."

Lincoln's Greatest Victory

A telegram, which announced that Lee was about to surrender, came to the White House in Washington during the stormy days of the Civil War. Abraham Lincoln left Washington immediately to go to the front, and when news finally had reached him that Lee had surrendered and the officials began to make preparation for the entry into Richmond, just as immediately Lincoln put his foot down and said, "There shall be no triumphal entry into Richmond. There shall be no demonstration just now." He made his way to Richmond and walked through the city alone. There never was such a triumphal entry as that in all the annals of history. He walked with his head down, with heavy step and sad heart. and when he reached the Southern capital and went to Jefferson Davis's room, he bade his two officials step aside and leave him alone. After a few minutes had passed by, one of them, out of curiosity, looked to see what had taken place, and there sat Lincoln, with his head bowed on Jefferson Davis's desk, his face in his hands and his tears falling. And I say that the angels of God never looked down from the battlements of heaven on a holier scene than that. His great sympathetic heart saved the Republic. That was the greatest victory in the Civil War, that settled the struggle, that bound the North and South together, and Abraham Lincoln, like his great Master, died of a broken heart. It burst with sympathy. The greatest victory in those days of struggle was that Christ-like sympathy. The greatest victory that is ever won on any battlefield of human life, in the hour when the struggle goes on, is won through the wonderful element that comes down from the heart of Jesus Christ—his own divine sympathy for struggling humanity.—Cortland Myers.

Christian Advocate
June 26, 1913

Took President Lincoln To Enemy's Trenches

1924

To have the honor of escorting the President of the United States and his wife to within sight of a hostile army, and stand by his side as he calmly surveyed the entrenched enemy, is an experience that will come to few men in history, yet that is exactly what fell to the lot of Major E. T. Ellis, now residing at 503 South Eighth Street, St. Joseph, Mo., one of the city's most prominent and picturesque figures.

The president was none other than Abraham Lincoln and the scene of this interesting episode was near Richmond, Va.

Major Ellis, who was an aid to General Grant, tells an interesting story of Lincoln's visit and of the climax to the Richmond campaign, which he witnessed.



MAJ. E. T. ELLIS

Major Ellis says Mr. Lincoln showed no signs of uneasiness when inspecting the Confederate trenches, although they were within easy artillery range.



President Lincoln, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Grant, Senators Sumner, Harlan and others paid another visit to Richmond on Thursday. The party visited Libby Prison and the other points of interest in the city and were everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. The streets were thronged by crowds anxious to see Mr. Lincoln, and the white inhabitants were almost as extravagant as the blacks in their enthusiastic demonstrations. But the joy of Africa knew no bounds. They greeted the President with wild raptures, some even hailing him as the Second Messiah, and kneeling in the streets thanked God that Massa Lincoln had been sent for their deliverance from bondage.

Abraham Lincoln in Richmond and cheered by its inhabitants! Verily confusion has come upon rebel counsels and the chiefs of the rebellion have been brought to grief. . . .—*The Daily Gate City*, Keokuk, Iowa, April 12, 1865. (In the Newspaper Division of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.

1757

Lincoln's Visit to Richmond

April 4, 1865

THE VISIT of President Lincoln to Richmond on April 3rd and 4th, 1865, has been described in many histories of the Civil War, and several artists and poets have made it the subject of their productions. Perhaps the most ambitious poetical effort is *Lincoln in Richmond*, by Denton J. Snider, and the best known of the pictures, depicting Lincoln passing through the streets of Richmond, is that of Thomas Nast, the celebrated cartoonist.

The following letter indicates that Nast had sent to Coffin several photographs of sketches he had already made for his painting, and requested his opinion on the historical setting.

There is a wood-cut of the picture in Coffin's *Abraham Lincoln*, and his account of the episode, written April 4th, 1865, appeared in *The Boston Journal*.

Letter from Charles Carlton Coffin to Thomas Nast

Boston July 19 '66

Thos^s Nast Esq

Dear Sir

Yours received, & photographs also. I do not remember what streets we passed through, except that we walked for a short distance in Main St. If you have a map of Richmond you probably can settle it, as we took the shortest route from the river to Jeff Davis' house. He landed a short distance above the Libby, crossed the canal, & walked

straight to Main St. up that a short distance. We turned once or twice, & came to a halt, for Mr Lincoln to rest, before ascending the hill.

The order of procession was six Sailors with carbines in advance, led by Capt. Adams, of the Army. The sailors in blue jackets, round, blue, cloth caps, then Mr Lincoln, leading Tad by his left hand, Admiral Porter at his right, myself at his left, part of the time leading Tad, who had hard work to get along in the crowd. Capt Penrose of the Army & one other officer, I dont know who came next, then six more sailors with carbines. This is the order

Adams	o	.	.	
		.	.	Sailors
		.	.	
				Lincoln
Coffin	o	.	o	Porter
		o	o	Two officers
		.	.	
		.	.	Sailors
		.	.	

Lincoln wore his overcoat, which was quite long & reached below the knees, & a stove pipe hat. His servant followed, with a shawl on his arm. Those I believe are all the persons in the party.

I see that you have made one woman kissing his hand. I did not see that, although it might have taken place. The most impressive scene, to me, was the respect which Lincoln showed to the poor creatures when he removed his hat, while the old negro prayed God to bless him.

Your conception is very fine, & would answer quite as well as most pictures for historical truth. Mr Raymond's book gives Lincoln in a baruche with the negroes tossing flowers into the carriage. There was nothing of the sort. He rode through the city, after walking to Davis' house,

in Weitzel's carriage—a common two seated buggy, with Porter, and Weitzel.

I am to sail for Europe next Wed the 25 in the *Persia* from N. Y. If you wish for further information, & can make it convenient to run down then I shall be pleased to see you. I probably shall be at the 5th Avenue Tues evening, but cannot say certainly. Shall be on the *Persia* in the forenoon of Wed.

I wish to thank you for the great work you are doing in *Harper's Weekly*. One such picture as "Why he cant sleep" is better than all the speeches made in Congress during the session.

In haste

C. C. Coffin

Albert Bigelow Paine, in *Th. Nast, His Period and His Pictures*, writes "Then a few weeks later, came the fall of Richmond, and on April 4th Lincoln entered the Confederate Capital and was almost overwhelmed with the demonstration of a rejoicing multitude. Nast made a large drawing and later a painting of this triumphal hour."

In *Charles Carlton Coffin*, by W. E. Griffis, is the statement that Coffin's "verbal descriptions enabled Thomas Nast to paint his famous picture of Lincoln in Richmond."

Outbreak of the Papineau War

In Lower Canada

1837

THE CANADIAN REBELLION of 1837-1838 was an uprising of the people to force the adoption by the Government of certain financial and legislative reforms. This rebellion is commonly known as the "Papineau War", taking its name from that of Louis Joseph Papineau, one of the leaders of the Reform Party in Lower Canada.

Although the rebellion was completely crushed by the Government, and the leaders forced into exile, the reforms for which they fought were gradually achieved through more peaceful and constitutional methods.

The following letter was recently discovered, and casts an interesting light upon the earlier stages of the rebellion. It will be noted that it is dated some two weeks prior to the first armed conflict between the opposing factions, which occurred at St. Denis on November 23, 1837.

Letter from Edward S. Goodnow to George V. Edwards

Henry Ville 7, Nov. 1837.

Dr. Sir

I have been waiting this long time in expectation of receiving a Letter from you, but can find *none* at our post office, I therefore take the liberty of writing to you again.

Our political subjects have become rather a Serious

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor,
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN RICHMOND

Abraham Lincoln first entered the surrendered city of Richmond on April 4, 1865, within thirty-six hours after it had ceased to be the capital of the Southern Confederacy. Here there was witnessed one of the strangest triumphant processions that has ever crowned the climax of a great struggle. "The President manifested no signs of exultation . . . his countenance was one of indescribable sadness." This is a reflection written down by an observer who walked beside Abraham Lincoln through the streets of Richmond.

The steamship "River Queen", on which the President came up the James River, had been delayed by obstructions near Drewry's Bluff. Attached to Admiral Porter's ship, the "Malvern", a barge, manned by twelve sailors took Mr. Lincoln and his son, "Tad", aboard and with Admiral Porter and four other officers started for shore.

There was no reception committee on hand to greet the President when he came to the landing at a place called Rockett's near Libby Prison. A correspondent of a newspaper was present when the barge, rowed by the twelve sailors, came to the wharf and Mr. Lincoln recognized the reporter and inquired if he could direct them to the headquarters of General Weitzel. Then started one of the strangest entries to a conquered city by a victorious country's highest military authority, that has ever occurred in the annals of the nations.

The brief description of the procession, as it was written down that evening by Charles C. Coffin, the correspondent who walked beside Lincoln and his boy, is here presented in part:

"A colored man acted as guide; six sailors, wearing their round blue caps, short jackets, and bagging pants, with navy carbines, were the advance guard. Then came the President and Admiral Porter, flanked by the officers accompanying him, and the correspondent of the Boston 'Journal'; then six more sailors—twenty of us all told—amid a surging mass of men, women, and children, black, white, and yellow, running, shouting, dancing, swinging their caps, bonnets, and handkerchiefs. Soldiers saw the President, and swelled the increasing crowd, cheering with wild enthusiasm. One colored woman, standing in a doorway as the President passed along the sidewalk, shouted: 'Thank you, dear Jesus, for this! Thank you, Jesus!' Another by her side was clapping her hands and shouting 'Bress de Lord!' A colored woman snatched her bonnet from her head, whirled it in the air, screaming, 'God bress you, Mars Linkum!' A few white women looking out from the houses waved their handkerchiefs. One lady, in a large and elegant building, looked and turned away as if from a disgusting exhibition. President Lincoln walked in silence, acknowledging the salutations of officers, soldiers, and citizens, black and white, alike. It was the man of the people among the people. It was the great deliverer meeting the delivered. Yesterday morning the majority of the thousands who crowded the streets and hindered our advance were slaves. Now they were free, beholding him who had given them liberty.

"The procession advanced at a rapid pace. The President manifested weariness, and halted for a moment near the railroad station on Broad Street. He was wearing his overcoat. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky. Cavalrymen with gleaming sabres were clattering down the hill from the Capitol, having been informed that the President was on his way. While thus halting, an aged negro without a coat, his tattered garments made from cotton bagging, whose crisp hair appeared through his

almost crownless straw hat, half kneeling, invoked God's blessing upon the man who had given him freedom: 'May de good Lord bress and keep you safe, Mars Linkum!'

"The President lifted his own hat from his head, bowed, wiped the gathering moisture from his eyes, and then the procession moved on to the mansion from which Jefferson Davis had taken his departure on Sunday evening. The sailors formed in two lines, presented arms, and the President and party entered the building. Mr. Lincoln dropped wearily into a chair, before which stood a writing-table—a chair often occupied by the Confederate President."

Abraham Lincoln and his boy, "Tad", had walked for a mile and a half through the crowded city before reaching their destination. There had been no carriage waiting for them, no military escort over the greater part of the way, no music of any kind, except the shouts of the people. Yet the tall figure of the President had loomed above those who pressed about him so that at all times he was visible to those who crowded the streets through which he walked. It will ever be to the credit of the citizens of Richmond that this unguarded leader of the Union, unarmed and without military protection, walked unmolested for over one hour in plain view of the people, through the center of the very city which but two days before had been the capital and stronghold of the enemy forces.

Great clouds of smoke were still rising from many of the buildings which had been burned by the retreating army and citizens as they evacuated the city, adding much to the gloom hovering over the metropolis which still remained the state capital of Virginia.

Upon the completion of the informal march through the city and after relaxing in the chair, until recently occupied by Jefferson Davis, Mr. Lincoln made one request, he said, "I wonder if I could get a drink of water?" An eye witness, in referring to the President's behavior in Richmond wrote, "There was no evidence of triumph in gesture or attitude." After Mr. Lincoln was somewhat rested, General Weitzel had his own vehicle made ready and with the President, Admiral Porter, and General Shepley, rode for a short time through the city.

The first visitors to call on the President after his arrival at Richmond was the mayor of the city and Judge Campbell, one of the Confederate commissioners who had conferred with Lincoln at Hampden Roads. The conference was brief but Mr. Lincoln decided to remain in Richmond until the next morning when Mr. Campbell was invited to bring with him other citizens of the city to talk over plans for reorganizing the national authority in Virginia. We have Mr. Campbell's own words with reference to this conference. He wrote, "Mr. Lincoln's expressions and plan of settlement were generous, conciliatory and just. They met the precise conditions of the case. I was willing to co-operate with him on his basis to any limit."

The secretary of the Southern Historical Society in commenting on the conference between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Campbell, with copies of the proceedings before him, made this statement in Volume 36 of the societies papers published at Richmond in 1908: "The true noble devotion of Judge Campbell must command undying admiration, whilst the character of the 'martyred president' as exhibited, must appeal to the sensibility of every one, even the most rancorous."

There is no episode in the career of Abraham Lincoln which reveals more truly the real character of the man than his behavior in Richmond.

The Unwritten Page by Frederic Patton

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CAPT. HUGH RAISINE, C. S. A., glanced down Main St. from the second-story window of a house close by the burned district in Richmond, Va.

It was a little before noon on Tuesday, April 4, 1865.

The room in which he stood had been hastily deserted by its tenants in the face of the conflagration which had swept the city Monday morning, after the gray rear-guard had hurried across the river to Manchester.

Empty drawers of a mahogany dresser were tumbled about on the floor amid pathetically shabby items of feminine gear. A rag doll lay with extended arms, one leg missing. A cheap china pitcher, still full of clear water, perched with a curious note of order amid disorder in a tin basin on a commode. There was a confused litter of letters and papers, bonds of a dying government, sheaves of currency from which the events of the past few days had removed the last hopeful values.

CAPT. RAISINE NURSES A HATRED

Capt. Raisine saw none of this. His eyes and mind were on a little procession that was slowly making its way up Main Street. Without the aid of his field glasses he could make it out plainly as it came to a halt two squares to the east.

Closely surrounded by federal marines and a few uniformed officers was a tall figure in rusty frock coat suit and a towering stovepipe hat. As if by magic half of the colored population of the city seemed to have converged at that point.

There were freedmen with picks and shovels in their hands, black mamies in turbans and frayed calico dresses, half-naked pickaninnies. The press became so menacing that the marines lowered their guns with bayonets fixed. A gesture from President Lincoln halted this. Muskets were dropped to the rest position. The shouts and cries of the multitude died away. There was a sudden hush. Over it Capt. Raisine could hear the high tones of that voice which vibrated through the thin, smoke-tinted sunlight. The words he could not distinguish. Then the clamor began anew.

Capt. Raisine turned away from the window and began calmly, deliberately, to prepare for that which was before him.

He was conscious, particularly, of the great hatred which had been growing within him through all the months and years since 1861. He unwrapped a bundle of staves and bean poles and took from it a Spence carbine. This he loaded carefully. Then he propped it against the wall beside the window.

Glancing down the street again he saw the procession still held. There were kneeling figures about the tall man now. The Virginian crossed the room and looked at himself in a cracked, gilt-framed mirror. The image was grotesque—black hands and face, coarse shirt of a field hand, jeans trousers. Thus disclosed he had—

The Cast of Characters in "The Unwritten Page"

HUGH RAISINE, a Southerner who plans revenge for the defeat of the South, the ruination of his entire family.

PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

eled from Washington to Baltimore, from Baltimore to City Point. Within sight of Gen. Grant's headquarters he had been in touch with operatives of the Confederate secret service. News of each of the final moves of the Federals had been quickly carried to Richmond, but the pressure of the splendid Union armies was too great. The South was doomed.

There could remain only one staggering blow to be struck the

ing slowly toward him, toward his fate.

He, Hugh Raisine, had ceased to be a human being. He was a mere machine, an instrument to an end, a servant of destiny. All that he had to do when the moment came, was to bring the gun to his shoulder and fire. His hand would not tremble, his eye would not fail.

As to what happened after that he didn't care. They could break in and shoot him or drag him out and hang him to a lamp post. He would be quits with a world which had used him and his so brutally.

He looked to the street. Again the progress of the little company had been blocked by the ecstatic blacks. There was time to wipe that cowardly pigment from his face and arms.

He dipped a cotton garment into the water pitcher, and scrubbed vigorously to remove the dark stain from his face, arms and hands.

The marines now were forcing a way through the crowd and the moment for which he had waited

tunity was perfect. But he didn't lift the gun.

A droll pickaninny had been thrust high before the President. The deeply-lined face lighted with a smile that was amazingly human. The homely man suddenly seemed transformed. Capt. Raisine's hand slipped away from his weapon.

Fascinated, he stared through the open window at the strange spectacle before him, the colored people leaping, shouting, singing hymns; scowling, contemptuous whites standing back and casting dagger looks; the marines attempting to clear a way. God, what fools these Yankees were, letting their

gazed sadly on the smoking ruins ahead of him. He seemed to be sensing the plight of Richmond, to be tasting the bitter cup that had been held to the lips of its defenders. Tears crept down the haggard cheeks.

Capt. Raisine muttered to himself: "I believe he has suffered as much as I have." A wave of sympathy trembled through his frame.

He seemed to see not a hated tyrant, but a simple, sorrowing human being, one moved not by the exultation of victory but by grief for the conquered. In the street beneath walked a man with a soul!

Suddenly a great peace came on him. . . . He watched the procession push slowly forward. . . . From farther and farther came the singing and the shouting. . . .

Many years later Judge Hugh Raisine of the United States District Court in a northern city sat before the fire in his library. A questioning lad sat on his knee.



What an odd, shambling, long-legged gait the man had.

haughty, domineering North. He had heard whispers of a general conspiracy, but he was no party to that. He had discussed his plan with no human being. This was to be his private vengeance, the stroke that would balance the terrible account the war had tallied against him.

His father, Col. Raisine, had fallen at the head of his regiment in the first Battle of Bull Run. His older brother, Theodore, had died a prisoner at Camp Douglas. His younger brother, Peter, had been blown to bits in the explosion of the crater before Petersburg.

Dorothy, his wife, isolated between the lines after the burning of Raisine Manor during the Wilderness campaign, had literally starved to death with her infant child in a colored family's cabin.

For all that had happened to him and to those he loved, for all that had befallen his worshipped Virginia, for the symphony of hell which had raged for three days in this beautiful city which he called his own, he blamed one being—the man who now was com-

so long was almost at hand. He saw only one figure in the approaching pageant, the moving symbol of all he abhorred, the embodiment of all that was loathsome and obnoxious in the universe.

But he held himself in a steel grasp of cold calculation. He must wait until that detested target was within easy range.

What an odd, shambling, long-legged gait the man had. He was indeed the circuit-riding Illinois lawyer; just a rustic brought to power by politics. Now he could see the tired, grayish-brown face, homely as the earth's rocks furrowed by the seasons. Soon the group would be beneath the window, but then there was another interruption from the throng.

A wave of exultation rose in Capt. Raisine's breast. His arm reached for the carbine. The oppor-

President run this awful risk! Why, any one could shoot him down!

Again the heavy, mask-like expression settled down on that worn countenance. The shoulders seemed to sag a little. The President.

"Grandpa, did you ever see Abe Lincoln? Near to, I mean."

A quizzical smile broke over the old man's face. "Yes, my boy. I had a very good look at him once."

"What was he doing, Grandpa?"

"He was feeling sorry for the whole world."

"Did you speak to him, Grandpa?"

"No, I didn't do anything. He just went by."

When President Lincoln Went Under Fire

Cleveland Plain Dealer 5/12/43

By HARLOWE R. HOYT

Then and Now

President Roosevelt's visit to Casablanca, among other things, called attention to the fact that he was the first president since Abraham Lincoln to visit a battlefield while serving as chief executive. It was recalled that Lincoln went to the front by railroad on March 25, rode on horseback to a Virginia hilltop and watched the progress of the Battle of Richmond.

Actually, Lincoln left Washington on March 23 at the invitation of Grant, who was closing in for the kill. Boarding the River Queen with Mrs. Lincoln, Tad and his bodyguard, William Crook, he sailed to City Point with the intention of remaining perhaps three or four days. Instead, he was at no great distance when Richmond fell and visited the capital whence Jeff Davis had fled. It was one of John Wilkes Booth's fancied grievances that Lincoln "occupied Old Jeff's chair and spit tobacco juice on the floor."

Mrs. Lincoln returned to Washington but left again on April 5. That was the day when Secretary William H. Seward was thrown from his carriage in a runaway and critically injured. It was this that hastened Lincoln's return, for on Palm Sunday, April 9, he was back in Washington, visiting the invalid and reporting the newest developments. Five days later, he was to fall before the assassin's bullet in Ford's Theater.

Junketing

It was the happy habit of official Washington to go a-junketing to engagements not too far from Washington. The first Battle of Bull Run was a gala affair long remem-

bered. Members of the cabinet, senators, representatives, government underlings, society beaux and many a fine lady in hoopskirt and Paisley shawl journeyed out to watch the "skirmish." They carried hampers of food and were set to enjoy themselves with potables as well. They seemed to look upon a battle as something like "The Destruction of Pompeii" or "The Siege of Savastopol" as staged by the eminent Mr. Paine with his fireworks. In fact, these merry-makers so cluttered up the roads that the fleeing Federals found it difficult to make record time when they finally were started on their route to the safety of the city.

It was nothing unusual for Lincoln to run down to visit his commanders. There are extant various photographs showing him in camp conferring with his generals and their staffs. For the greater part, he was removed from the firing area and was comparatively safe but for an unexpected assault by the enemy. Yet there was one time when he was really under fire, an occasion it would seem overlooked recently in recalling his war activities. That was when Jubal Early and his men swept down upon Washington in 1864 and gave the capital a few unhappy hours.

Defense

On the face of things, Washington was well prepared to withstand any attack. The defense area, some nine miles square, boasted more than 60 forts surrounding the district. Almost before the outbreak of hostilities, these fortifications had been under construction and in 1862, Stanton had the works thoroughly appraised by a commission of army

experts. They were enlarged and reinforced to cover a circuit of 37 miles. Some 50 of these were placed strategically north and south of the Potomac while the remainder trailed away to either side. There were connecting trenches between.

This should have assured Washington complete protection. And so it did for a time. But with the lapse, detachments assigned to guard duty were called to the front. Invalids and untrained troops replaced them. Hardened men and veterans were needed for the bitter fighting that marked the ending of the Civil War and it seemed as though this were wisest, although army experts advised Stanton trained artillery regiments should always be on hand to man the big guns. But Grant lost many men by his policy of overwhelming the enemy with sheer numbers and one after another the companies were detached to aid him.

Petersburg called some. Harper's Ferry took others. The Ohio National Guard moved in to replace them. They were militia, lacking in training and experience, and though willing enough, fell far short of requirements both in ability and numbers. One third of the infantry in the northern defenses had been sent away. Gen. Halleck, epitome of bureaucracy, remarked that they could "scarcely fire a gun" and probably filed the memorandum among his numerous papers. Gen. Augur was more wide-awake and at his urging Halleck asked Grant for a regiment of heavy artillery.

Meantime, Jubal Early was swinging around on his march to Washington.

(This is the first of three articles.)

LINCOLN LORE

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A PILGRIMAGE IN RICHMOND

Last week, Wednesday, the editor of *Lincoln Lore* made a pilgrimage in the city of Richmond, Virginia, which for many years he has aspired to accomplish. The trek was made on foot over the same streets, as far as can now be ascertained, that Lincoln traveled on that memorable fourth day of April, 1865. With the nation again at war, the significance of Lincoln's behavior on his entry into the fallen capital of the Confederacy is brought home with greater emphasis and deeper appreciation.

Having refreshed my memory on one of the most eventful episodes in Lincoln's whole life, I was able to recall the various stages of the pilgrimage, from the starting point to its destination. This was one pilgrimage I wanted to make alone, unless I might have had one of my boys, in his earlier years, as a companion. Standing on the north bank of the James river at a point close to where the President is supposed to have embarked, it was not difficult to visualize a barge containing twenty people, including the President and "Tad," coming up the river headed for the landing.

Boat Landing at Rocketts

Rocketts was a small community southeast of the Richmond city limits and bordering on the James river. A landing wharf here seemed to offer to Admiral Porter of the flagship "Malvern," an opportunity to put his distinguished guest and the members of his crew ashore, and the barge from the flagship drew up along the side of the wharf for that purpose. There was but one white man there to receive them, Charles C. Coffin, a news correspondent for the Boston Journal. There were, however, twelve negroes, with an old colored man as their boss, working close to the landing, and Mr. Coffin advised them that President Lincoln was about to come ashore. It is needless to say that from that time on there was wild enthusiasm among the people of color who soon learned of the arrival of their great benefactor.

The Canal

Parallel to the river ran a canal, and apparently it was crossed soon after the company landed. The crossing which was most convenient was one just west of Libby Prison, and one of the members of the party recalls passing over this narrow body of water, and observing the prison to the right.

Libby Prison

The old Libby Prison was undoubtedly the first landmark which Lincoln recognized, from the many pictures of it which he had observed. Gen. Porter stated, "The President stopped a mo-

ment to look on the horrible bastle where so many Union soldiers had dragged out a dreadful existence." He visited Libby Prison later that afternoon when it is said "he gave way to uncontrollable emotions."

Nineteenth Street

The procession, if it could be so characterized with but twenty bona fide members in the group, probably formed informally on Nineteenth Street near the prison. Captain Adams was in the lead and six sailors, two abreast and armed with carbines. Then came the president with "Tad" on his left, Admiral Porter on his right, and Coffin on Tad's left, with two officers behind them, followed by six more armed soldiers. That was all. According to one member of the party, the group moved straight up to Main where they turned toward the city.

Main Street

In correspondence with Thomas Nast, a year later, Coffin stated, "I do not remember what streets we passed through, except that we walked for a short distance on Main Street." Probably it was about two blocks, as it is evident that they had turned up Seventeenth Street, if they were to reach Broad Street at the proper junction.

Corner of Main and Seventeenth Sts.

F. Montgomery, a "genuine Johnny Reb, Jr." as he styled himself, has left this reminiscence: "One of a crowd of scantily clad, hungry, but alert and wildly excited boys, I stood at the corner of Main and Fifteenth (probably Seventeenth) Streets in Richmond and amid a struggling and swaying mass of people saw the hollow square of soldiers carrying carbines. In the center of the square I saw the tall form of a man clad in a black frock-coat wearing on his head what seemed to me the queerest looking and the biggest silk hat I had ever seen. He towered far above the people crowding about him. This picture of the tall man, clad in black and wearing his peculiar hat, and on his face the sad, yet kindly expression, as he watched the frenzied people in their efforts to get near him, —some with joy, some—possibly—with hate in their hearts—is still fresh in my memory. I remember it as a soothing peaceful influence—a good spirit moving over an angry scene of strife."

Seventeenth St.

The great crowd which had congested Main Street probably was responsible for their guide, an old negro, directing them through Seventeenth Street to Broad Street, which would be in the direction they were planning to go, and three city blocks would bring them to a much wider avenue.

Broad Street Station

The disorganized procession of humanity turned into Broad Street within a half block of the railroad depot. Having traversed about one-half of the distance of their line of march, here at the depot the President's party stopped a moment to rest before climbing the Broad Street hill.

An incident occurring at this brief rest period is recorded by Coffin. It is typical of many such incidents which occurred all along the line of march.

"'May de good Lord bless you, President Linkum!' said an old negro, removing his hat and bowing, with tears of joy rolling down his cheeks. The President removed his own hat, and bowed in silence; it was a bow which upset the forms, laws, customs, and ceremonies of centuries of slavery. It was a death-shock to chivalry, and a mortal wound to caste. Recognize a nigger! Disgusting. A woman in an adjoining house beheld it, and turned from the scene with unspeakable contempt."

Broad Street

Proceeding up the Broad Street hill the first United States Cavalry man was discovered. According to Admiral Porter, "The sight of the President was as strange to him as to the inhabitants. He was dispatched to General Weitzell to send an escort and by the time the capitol was reached, for the first time since the landing nearly an hour before, adequate military protection was provided."

Twelfth Street

Turning from Broad into Twelfth Street, the procession headed for the headquarters of General Weitzell, officer in command of Richmond, which was but three blocks away, at the corner of Leigh Street. He had occupied the home of Jefferson Davis, although Lincoln's destination was Weitzell's headquarters rather than any contemplated visit to Jefferson Davis' home.

General Weitzell's Headquarters

John S. Barnes has left us this reminiscence of Lincoln upon his arrival at General Weitzell's headquarters: "What he (President Lincoln) said remained fixed in my memory—the first expression of a natural want —'I wonder if I could get a drink of water.' He did not appeal to any particular person for it. I can see the tired look of those kind blue eyes over which the lids half drooped—his voice was gentle and soft. There was nothing of triumph in his gesture or attitude."

One other eye-witness who observed Mr. Lincoln's behavior in this strange triumphal march, stated, "The President manifested no signs of exultation. His countenance was one of indescribable sadness."



CONFEDERATE MUSEUM

NEWSLETTER

Volume V, No. 2

Richmond, Virginia

April, 1968

THE FALL OF RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865

Confederate Government
Evacuates Burning City.



Richmond after the fire, April, 1865.
Photograph by Mathew Brady.

Foreword: April 3, 1865

This month marks the one hundred and third anniversary of the evacuation of Richmond by the Confederate Government. Consequently, our newsletter for April commemorates that important event in the life of Richmond and the South in general. Since the fall of Richmond preceded General Lee at Appomattox by only six days, it is often overshadowed by the surrender. We suggest that it shouldn't be, for the fall of Richmond in the light of the importance placed by the Confederate Government upon their capitol city suggests the stopping of a heart, which in fact predetermined the death of the Confederacy at Appomattox.

P.R.

THE LONGEST DAY

Eye-witness accounts of the evacuation of Richmond are rather scarce and contemporary accounts rarer still. Three of the leading newspapers were destroyed in the fire of April 3. Only one paper resumed publication on Tuesday, April 4, and as a Union paper under a new editor, and by special agreement with the military authorities. Added to this, the poor quality of reporting, filled with inaccuracies and contradictions, make newspapers of that day an unreliable source at best.

There were some half dozen or so diarists in and out of Richmond during the sixties. Unfortunately, the most uninhibited of these, Mrs. Chestnut, was not in Richmond in April, 1865. The accounts of Phoebe Yates Pember and Kate Mason Rowland have much that is interesting, but Mrs. Pember was living at Chimborazo Hospital on the Eastern outskirts of the city and Miss Rowland, even further removed on the Western outskirts at Winder Hospital. Both were too far from the actual scenes to be reliable witnesses.

Mrs. McGuire, living nearer the center of the city at First and Franklin, wrote a graphic description of conditions, covering sixteen pages. She makes one surprising statement in the April 6 entry when she says Lincoln visited Richmond "today". General Weitzel, the Federal officer who entertained Lincoln in this very house,

writing after the event places the visit on April 5. OFFICIAL RECORDS says April 4, and this date is confirmed by the PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN, the NEW YORK WORLD and the NEW YORK HERALD as this excerpt from the HERALD of Wednesday, April 5, 1865, will show:

The Press Dispatch

Washington April 4

Mrs. Lincoln received a despatch from the President to-day, dated as follows:- "From Jefferson Davis's late residence at Richmond."

A headline from the same paper on Thursday, April 6, 1865:

President Lincoln in Richmond on Tuesday.

These items may be, to quote Gen. Grant in writing of the offer and return of Lee's sword, "so much purest romance", but they have an authentic ring.

The REBEL WAR CLERK, J. R. Jones, gives a vivid account of the confusion which prevailed and adds to the confusion by pre-dating Lincoln's visit to the third of April. If Constance Cary had only dated her letter to Burton Harrison, quoted in RECOLLECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY, in which she says in part:- "To day Mr. Lincoln seated in an ambulance with his son Tad upon his knee drove down Grace St. past this house, a mounted escort clattering after"!

On April 29, 1865, thirteen year old Emmie Sublett wrote a letter to her friend, Emmie Anderson. This letter, reproduced below, is signed Agnes, a pet name given her by the Mr. Mc mentioned in the letter. Emmie was the daughter of John T. Sublett who, together with his brother, operated a hardware store at 409 East Broad. "Waverly Place", from which the letter was written, was probably on North Fourth in the area of Jackson Street, as the Subletts owned a good deal of property in this section. This would be in the neighborhood of the powder magazine at Fifth and Hospital Streets. The explosion of this magazine is reported in the RICHMOND WHIG of Tuesday, April 4, as follows:

We regret to learn that a serious loss of life resulted from the blowing up of the powder magazine on the suburbs early on Monday

morning. The shock was tremendous, jarring every house in the city, extinguishing the gas, and breaking a great quantity of glass in dwellings. It is said that thirty or forty persons, residents of the immediate neighborhood of the magazine, were either killed or wounded, but at this writing we have been unable to obtain particulars or names.

Emmie Sublett's personal experience of this event is contained in her letter. Emmie Anderson, to whom the letter is written, later became Mrs. George A. Haynes and Emmie Sublett, Mrs. William L. Jennings. Mrs. Emily Jennings Morrison of Quincy, Massachusetts, daughter of Emmie Sublett, presented the letter to the Confederate Museum thirty years ago.

E.S.B.

Waverly Place, April 29th, 1865

My darling Emilie-

The last letter you wrote you described the Yankee raid in your neighborhood, but where shall I begin to tell you, I have so much to tell you I don't know what to say first. I never dreamed of the Yankees getting to Richmond sure enough, but the wretches are here. I am afraid Yankees will be an unpleasant subject to your ear, but I must tell you all about the horrible "Blue Devils" as we call them.

The greatest excitement prevailed here I ever saw, the streets were crowded with citizens and clerks, young and old, trying to get away if possible. We expected the Yanks would treat us so much worse than they really did. Sunday night we didn't go to bed at all, but staid down in the parlor until five o'clock Monday morning. Our troops were passing through the city the whole night, and our friends dropping in one by one to bid us farewell; perhaps many of them forever.

Brother left about dark, and Mr. Mc. didn't leave this house until about three o'clock, said he was determined to see all that was possible before he left. The fire commenced about three or little earlier, and raged furiously; you know the warehouses and some of the public buildings were set on fire, from which the others caught. About four o'clock we heard a slight explosion, which startled us a little, but not enough to frighten us. Then just at five we heard another which

was so very loud, and seemed so near, that we thought it safest to put out the lights in the lower part of the house & go up stairs, but we didn't undress, though we tried to sleep which was out of the question; at half after six all of us lying down but wide awake, there came another explosion which was perfectly awful & lasted I suppose about two minutes: it was the powder magazine, very near the poor house. I thought this house would be jarred to the ground: it broke the windows and I declare it sounded as if a shell had bursted in the house; three times as loud as any thunder I ever heard in my life. Lizzie, Virginia, Manie, Maggie and Julia came running in our room trembling like aspen leaves, and screaming at the pitch of their voices. I never could have imagined any thing so frightful and awful to hear. As Mama says "ears never heard such a noise before". Although it was so frightful I couldn't help laughing at Lizzie to save my life. You know she is the most excitable poor creature I ever saw. She ran in our room, raised the window, opened the blinds and leaped right out, & I really think if the noise hadn't ceased she would have gone right over the porch railings. Jane had been sick for a week or two, and she came running out in her night clothes to see what was the matter, and said she knew if the Yanks didn't kill Lizzie she would kill herself. This was all early Monday morning. Please excuse such writing, Emilie, but I can't say it fast enough to save my life. We had hid all our jewelry Sunday night in the parlor; such sewing of bags, pincushions, pads and every conceivable way of hiding things you never heard of in your life. Vic Sublett happened to be here with us, and it was about two weeks before she could get home; she hid her watch in a ball of cotton and commenced to make a sock to make it look as natural as possible. I took ten gold dollars and covered them as green buttons & sewed them on my green mouselain.

Monday was the longest day I ever spent in my life; it was almost intolerable. I think about nine tenths of the negroes of the city, went down town early Monday morning, broke open the stores and stole every thing that could be found. They would come by here with two or three pieces of cloth each, and every thing else you could think of. The shells in the Laboratory were exploding the whole day; the fire raging on Main, Cary and Franklin Streets. Every thing was burned from Main to the river between 8 and 15 streets. I have been all over the ruins and never saw such destruction in my life; (I saw a drunken Yankee fall in the basin too one day, but he wasn't drowned.) The smoke from the fire was so dense as to prevent the sun from shining; it was naturally the brightest day I ever saw, but the smoke made the sun shed a dark red light over the whole. It seemed to be ashamed to gaze on such a scene!

The Yanks came in at fifteen minutes before eight A.M. and first of all placed the horrible stars and stripes (which seemed to me to be so many bloody gashes) over our beloved capitol. O, the horrible wretches! I can't think of a name dreadful enough to call them. It makes us fifty times more southern in our feelings to have them here; though they have behaved very well indeed, no private property has been touched, and no insults have been offered to any of the citizens. They say they can't get any thing to report the Richmond girls for, to save their lives. They all behave with such perfect dignity and coolness, always go out thickly veiled and never notice the Yanks in the least. I've nearly broken my neck holding such a high head, never condescending to look at one when I meet him. Our paroled prisoners are coming slowly in; poor fellows! they are all so sad! Gen. Lee is completely crushed; I never saw any thing like it. I do feel so sorry for him.

. . .

The Yanks are very lenient to us at present, but they are drawing the ropes tighter

and tighter every day. I believe there is some villainy at the bottom of it all. I am so sorry Lincoln was killed I don't know what in the world to do, because I believe the whole South will be punished for it. Johnson will be such an awful president; he is a perfect old tyrant. You know Lincoln came to Richmond Tuesday the 4th and was paraded through the streets in a vehicle very much like an ambulance, only a little nicer, but very common indeed, attended by a bodyguard of about one hundred horsemen and dashed through the streets like the horses were wild. The "monkey show" came right by here, but we wouldn't let them see us looking at them, so we ran in the parlor and peeped at them. I reckon Johns^t/on has certainly surrendered. Today's paper says so and they have been firing salutes and marching the soldiers over the streets all day yesterday and today.

Please write whenever you see a chance, and I will certainly do the same. Every body sends all the love this letter will hold...Good bye. I remain as ever your sincere and devoted...

Agnes Emmie Sublett

Tell any one any thing you choose in this letter, but it is for your eyes alone.

The following is a list of recent accessions to the collections of the museum:

October 23, 1967

A gilt and pewter four-bracketed gas chandelier with one globe, circa 1855. This chandelier hung in the Anderson house at 103 West Franklin St., Richmond, and is an exact duplicate of the chandelier in the entrance hall of the White House of the Confederacy. The stem of the chandelier is formed by three pewter figures, the Muses of Agriculture, Commerce and Industry. Gift of the heirs to the Anderson estate, Richmond, Virginia.

November 6, 1967

Three military commissions issued to Charles R. Montgomery: 1st Lt. 74th Regt. Va. Militia, 29 Oct. 1859, signed by Gov. Henry A. Wise; Capt. 74th Regt. Va. Militia, 5 Sept. 1860, signed by Gov. John Letcher; Capt. 57th Regt. Va. Militia, 22 June 1866, signed by Gov. F. H. Pierpont.

Parole, Appomattox CH, for Charles R. Montgomery.

Wool coverlet, blue, Morning Star design. Handwoven by members of the Montgomery family. Given by Miss Luzelle A. Montgomery, Richmond, Virginia.

December 1, 1967

A child's twenty piece soup set of white porcelain decorated with pink lustre and gilt, given by Mrs. Henry Winston Holt, Jr., Richmond, Va. Given in memory of Mrs. Holt's mother, Mrs. Francis Deane Williams.

December 5, 1967

Part of a tea set consisting of a bonbon dish, teapot and sugar bowl. The dishes are white French porcelain with gilded floral decorations, circa 1855. Given by Mrs. Harvie Archer Clopton, Richmond, Va., in memory of her husband, Harvie Archer Clopton.

Accessions (Cont)

Medical dissecting set and medical chest used by Dr. Edgar Archer in the Civil War. Given by Mrs. Harvie Archer Clopton, Richmond, Va., in memory of her husband, Harvie Archer Clopton.

December, 1967

Five pieces of table linen, four ambrotypes and one ferrotype. Gift of Miss Jellis Scott and Mrs. Fred Tilghman, Richmond, Virginia.

February 8, 1968

A U. S. Aston Martial pistol owned by Col. G. W. Richardson, Hanover Cavalry, C.S.A. Gift of Mr. Leslie Neal Roberts, Richmond, Virginia.

March 4, 1968

A mahogany dressig bureau with mirror, probably English, circa 1845. An unusual feature of this bureau is the fact that the top drawer is actually a writing box, with a green leather-covered writing surface between two stroage compartments with sliding tops. Gift of Mrs. John Royall Read, Richmond, Va.

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Lincoln Lore

November, 1975

Bulletin of The Lincoln National Life Foundation...Mark E. Neely, Jr., Editor. Published each month by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801.

Number 1653

Emancipation: 113 Years Later

Editor's Note: I am indebted to Professor G. S. Boritt, formerly of Washington University in Saint Louis, for bringing the paper on which this *Lincoln Lore* is based to my attention. I am especially indebted to his student, Yvette Fulcher, for allowing me to see the results of her industrious survey of opinion on Abraham Lincoln among blacks today and to use that study as the basis for this article. I am performing strictly a reporter's role here; Ms. Fulcher asked all the questions, tabulated all the answers, and, in a word, did all the work. She had excellent guidance. Professor Boritt is the author of numerous articles on Lincoln, including "A Case of Political Suicide? Lincoln and the Mexican War" in the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, and the forthcoming "The Voyage to the Colony of Linconia: The Sixteenth President, Black Colonization, and the Defense Mechanism of Avoidance." He is working on a book on Lincoln's economic thought. Ms. Fulcher was a freshman student in Professor Boritt's course on Abraham Lincoln last year and has, I am sure all will agree, a most promising future ahead of her.

It should be remembered that Ms. Fulcher attempts to quantify the unquantifiable. She had to make allowances in her final tabulations for intensity of feeling, tone of response, etc. Incidentally, the introductory remarks are altogether mine and are based, in part, on James M. McPherson's useful collection, *The Negro's Civil War: How American Negroes Felt and Acted during the War for the Union* (New York, 1965).

M. E. N., Jr.

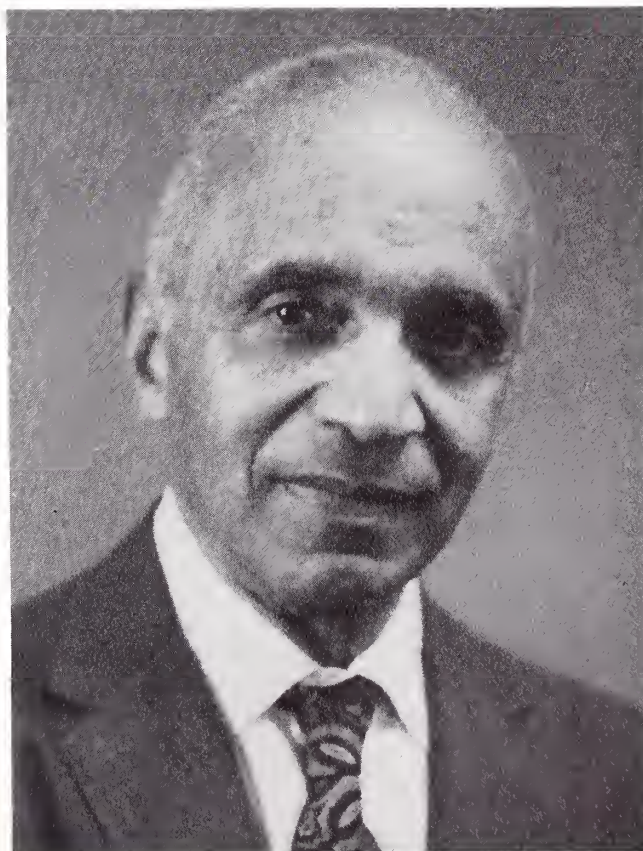
Skepticism among some black people greeted even Abraham Lincoln's first appearance on the national scene in 1860. H. Ford Douglass, an Illinois black leader, suggested at an abolitionist picnic on the Fourth of July in Framingham, Massachusetts, that "Abraham Lincoln is simply a Henry Clay Whig, and he believes just as Henry Clay believed. . . . And Henry Clay was just as odious to the anti-slavery cause and anti-slavery men as ever was John C. Calhoun. . . ." By degrees, the black orator worked up to the drastic assertion that "Abraham Lincoln, . . . is on the side of this Slave Power . . . , that has possession of the Federal Government." Douglass was misinformed on at least one point, for he said that Lincoln's proposal was "to let the people and the Territories regulate their domestic institutions in their own way." This was the solution, of course, of Stephen Douglas but not of Abraham Lincoln.

H. Ford Douglass represented only a minority among the black minority in 1860, and by 1865, his opinions had surely shrunk in influence. Even the first cautious rumblings of Lincoln's great emancipation policy were enthusiastically greeted by black men. When a message to Congress of March 6, 1862, suggested federal compensation to any state which moved to abolish slavery gradually, the *Anglo-African*, a Negro newspaper, called it "an event which sent a thrill of joy throughout christendom." The paper called it "a stroke of policy, grandly reticent on the part of its author, yet most timely and sagacious, which has secured for Abraham Lincoln a confidence and admiration on the part of the people, the whole loyal people, such as no man has enjoyed in the present era." Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation increased the enthusiasm in a crescendo which erupted into wild rejoicing when, on April 4, 1865, the Great Emancipator visited the conquered capital of the Confederacy. A Negro correspondent reported the scene of Lincoln's visit to Richmond this way:

The great event after the capture of the city was the arrival of President Lincoln in it. . . . There is no describing the scene along the route. The colored population was wild with enthusiasm. Old men thanked God in a very boisterous manner, and old women shouted upon the pavement as high as they had ever done at a religious revival. . . .

Everyone declares that Richmond never before presented such a spectacle of jubilee. It must be confessed that those who participated in the informal reception of the President were mainly negroes. There were many whites, but they were lost in the great concourse of American citizens of African descent. . . .

I visited yesterday several of the slave jails, where men, women, and children were confined, or herded, for the examination of purchases. . . . The owners, as soon as they were aware that we were coming, opened wide the doors and told the confined inmates they



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

FIGURE 1. Professor Benjamin Quarles

were free. The poor souls could not realize it until they saw the Union army. Even then they thought it must be a pleasant dream, but when they saw Abraham Lincoln they were satisfied that their freedom was perpetual. One enthusiastic old negro woman exclaimed: "I know that I am free, for I have seen Father Abraham and felt him."

When the President returned to the flag-ship of Admiral Porter, in the evening, he was taken from the wharf in a cutter. Just as he pushed off, amid the cheering of the crowd, another good old colored female shouted, "Don't drown Massa Abe, for God's sake!"

After President Lincoln was assassinated ten days later, Edgar Dinsmore, a black soldier from New York, wrote his fiancée:

We mourn for the loss of our great and good President as a loss irreparable. Humanity has lost a firm advocate, our race its Patron Saint, and the good of all the world a fitting object to emulate. . . . The name Abraham Lincoln will ever be cherished in our hearts, and none will more delight to lisp his name in reverence than the future generations of our people.

Most Lincoln students have suspected for some time that the predictions of eternal reverence for Lincoln on the part of American Negroes have proved to be in error. There have been some undercurrents of ambivalence all along. At the inaugural ceremonies of the Freedmen's Memorial Monument to Abraham Lincoln in Washington, D. C., on April 14, 1876, "nearly all of the colored organizations in the city" heard Frederick Douglass, black abolitionist, give a memorable and prophetic address. He pointed out carefully that this was the first occasion on which black Americans "have sought to do honor to any American great man." Before Abraham Lincoln, he intimated, Negroes had had no reason to celebrate American history. Then, warning his audience that "Truth is proper and beautiful at all times and in all places," Douglass dropped his bombshell: "Abraham Lincoln was not, in the fullest sense of the word, either our man or our model. . . . He was pre-eminently the white man's President. . . ." Douglass conceded to his "white fellow-citizens, a pre-eminence in this worded" of Lincoln. "You are the children of Abraham Lincoln," he said. "We are at best only his step-children, children by adoption, children by force of circumstances and necessity." Douglass then catalogued the inadequacies he found in Lincoln's policies. Above all, "He was ready and willing at any time during the first years of his administration to deny, postpone and sacrifice the rights of humanity in the colored people, to promote the welfare of the white people of this country. . . . the Union was more to him than our freedom or our future. . . ." The specific charges were these:

. . . he tarried long in the mountain; . . . he strangely told us that we were the cause of the war; . . . he still more strangely told us to leave the land in which we were born; . . . he refused to employ our arms in the defence of the Union; . . . after accepting our services as colored soldiers, he refused to retaliate when we were murdered as colored prisoners; . . . he told us he would save the Union if he could with slavery; . . . he revoked the proclamation of emancipation of General Fremont; . . . he refused to remove the commander of the Army of the Potomac, who was more zealous in his efforts to protect slavery than suppress rebellion. . . .

Except for quotable quotes illustrating Lincoln's racial views before the Civil War, Douglass had laid out the black case against Lincoln largely as it has been laid out ever since by any black who disliked him. The quotable quotes and the public controversy necessary to make the case against Lincoln a subject for popular consumption were both provided, ironically, by the Citizens' Councils of America, white Southern groups which opposed passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. In advertisements widely printed in major American newspapers, including the *Washington Post*, in February of 1964, the Citizens' Councils claimed that three quotations represented "Lincoln's Hopes for the Negro In His Own Words." Two of the three dealt with colonization, and the third was an answer to Stephen Douglas, protesting that he (Lincoln) was not "in favor of bringing about in any way the social and poli-

tical equality of the white and black races." The irony of this campaign was that it may have convinced blacks and left whites unconvinced. Congressman Fred Schwengel of Iowa, a member of the Bibliography Committee for *Lincoln Lore*, commented simply: "Sedulous selection, it is well known, can make the Scriptures seem the work of Satan."

Nevertheless, a period of black disillusionment, epitomized by Lerone F. Bennett's article in *Ebony* in 1968 ("Was Abe Lincoln a White Supremacist?"), began, and it has apparently reached deeply into the black community.

We can be sure of very little in this area because, despite its being a topic on which almost everyone has an opinion, scientific surveys of Negro opinion on Abraham Lincoln are few and far between. A brief check of our files at the Lincoln National Life Foundation uncovered no such surveys whatever. Therefore, the significance of Yvette Fulcher's survey of "The Attitudes of Blacks Today Toward Abraham Lincoln" is great. It provides us with our first concrete sampling of this very important segment of opinion on Abraham Lincoln.

Ms. Fulcher's survey was conducted by mail. One hundred twenty persons were contacted and all but thirteen responded. The questions were designed so as not to be loaded in favor of one answer or another and so as to be understandable to "not only a black Representative in the United States Congress . . . , but also a black former convict with an eighth grade education." These are the six questions:

1. What is the first thing that comes to your mind when you hear the name "Abraham Lincoln?"
2. What is black colonization?
3. Was Abraham Lincoln good or bad for blacks in the 1860's?
4. Is Abraham Lincoln and what he stood for good or bad for blacks in 1974?
5. What is the Emancipation Proclamation?
6. What is your opinion of Abraham Lincoln?

Ms. Fulcher broke the responses down by some simple social classifications. Government officials, business executives, doctors, lawyers, and writers were classified as black professionals. Engineers, nurses, union leaders, school officials, and teachers were classified as higher white-collar workers. Firemen, policemen, social workers, secretaries, and soldiers were classified as lower white-collar workers. Dock workers, trash collectors, custodians, and assembly line workers were classified as wage or blue-collar workers. Another classification included the unemployed, welfare recipients, present and former convicts, and criminals. Mothers were considered a special classification as well, perhaps because of Ms. Fulcher's own reading of the importance of mothers in light of the history of the black family. The elderly were given a category to themselves, as were students.

The tabulated results of the survey, broken down according to these categories, appear below:

	Professionals					
	#1	#2	#3	Question #4	#5	#6
Pro-Lincoln	3	4	4	3	4	4
Anti-Lincoln	12	10	13	14	13	13
Neutral	2	3	0	0	0	0

	Higher White-Collar					
	#1	#2	#3	Question #4	#5	#6
Pro-Lincoln	9	3	5	5	6	6
Anti-Lincoln	10	13	13	12	13	13
Neutral	0	3	1	2	0	0

	Lower White-Collar					
	#1	#2	#3	Question #4	#5	#6
Pro-Lincoln	16	16	17	17	17	17
Anti-Lincoln	4	3	4	3	4	4
Neutral	1	2	0	1	0	0

	Blue-Collar			Question		
	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
Pro-Lincoln	3	1	2	3	3	3
Anti-Lincoln	8	8	9	8	8	8
Neutral	0	2	0	0	0	0

	Unemployed			Question		
	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
Pro-Lincoln	2	1	2	2	2	2
Anti-Lincoln	6	6	6	6	6	6
Neutral	0	1	0	0	0	0

	Mothers			Question		
	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
Pro-Lincoln	3	1	1	1	1	1
Anti-Lincoln	0	2	2	2	2	2
Neutral	0	0	0	0	0	0

	Elderly			Question		
	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
Pro-Lincoln	2	2	2	2	0	2
Anti-Lincoln	0	0	0	0	2	0
Neutral	0	0	0	0	0	0

	Students			Question		
	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
Pro-Lincoln	4	3	5	5	5	5
Anti-Lincoln	21	20	20	20	21	20
Neutral	1	3	1	1	0	1

Summary of Survey

	PRO-LINCOLN	ANTI-LINCOLN	TOTAL
PROFESSIONALS	4	13	17
HIGHER WHITE-COLLAR	6	13	19
LOWER WHITE-COLLAR	17	4	21
BLUE-COLLAR	3	8	11
UNEMPLOYED	2	6	8
MOTHERS	1	2	3
ELDERLY	2	0	2
STUDENTS	6*	20	26
TOTAL	41	66	107

*Includes one neutral.

Ms. Fulcher provided an analysis of the figures and provided percentages which make the survey even more startling. Three-fourths of the black professionals are anti-Lincoln. Almost seventy percent of the higher white-collar workers are anti-Lincoln. Three-fourths of the black unemployed are anti-Lincoln. Two-thirds of the black mothers are less than enthusiastic about Lincoln. Almost eighty percent of black students are anti-Lincoln, and that figure, of course, practically guarantees that future surveys will not see these figures turned around for some time to come. Almost three-fourths of blue-collar workers are anti-Lincoln. Only the elderly and lower white-collar workers retain the respect black soldier Edgar Dinsmore predicted would be Lincoln's forever. All the elderly interviewed and eighty-one percent of the lower white-collar workers are pro-Lincoln.

Among black professionals, knowledge of Lincoln's activity in behalf of colonization is high. In fact, their opinions al-

most perfectly reproduce the opinions of black professional Frederick Douglass one hundred years ago. They feel that Lincoln freed the slaves too slowly and that he did so only to save the Union, but they do realize that, in the context of the 1860's, Lincoln's policies certainly helped blacks. The minority opinion among black professionals is well represented by historian Benjamin Quarles, author of *Lincoln and the Negro*, still the definitive treatment of that subject in the field of Lincolniana. Quarles feels that Lincoln moved as fast in behalf of the slaves as public opinion would permit.

Opinions among the higher white-collar workers are similar to those among professionals, and this is important, for the group includes the teachers who will shape future opinions on Lincoln. The thirty-two percent of higher white-collar workers who are pro-Lincoln are an interesting group. They know about colonization, too, but they interpret it as Lincoln's efforts to lead blacks to self-help in a congenial atmosphere. They also feel that Lincoln wanted freedom for all, black and white.

The rest of the groups seem less aware of colonization. Blue-collar workers and the unemployed distrust Lincoln's motives for emancipation as "political." Although Ms. Fulcher does not say so, these groups seem to share with particular intensity the pervasive distrust of politics in American society in general. Incidentally, the minority in these groups who are pro-Lincoln are very pro-Lincoln and consider him a savior who alone stood between blacks and a continuing slave status for many years to come.

Black mothers seem to blame Lincoln for the plight of the freedman after emancipation. Black students, like black professionals and higher white-collar workers, are anti-Lincoln because Lincoln, they say, used freedom as a means to the end of saving the Union.

Those groups which are pro-Lincoln seem to be as aware of the facts of Lincoln's career as those that are anti-Lincoln. They merely interpret the facts differently. The elderly, for example, are aware that the Emancipation Proclamation did not free all the slaves, but they trust Lincoln's way of going about freeing the slaves.

Lower white-collar workers see all the difference in the world between legal freedom and legal slavery, and therefore they enthusiastically admire Lincoln as the bringer of freedom. They dismiss Lincoln's interest in colonization because it was always a voluntary rather than forced colonization which he envisioned. The only dissenters in this group dislike Lincoln because the Emancipation Proclamation itself did not actually free all the slaves and because freedmen were left in a poor condition.

There are encouraging signs for Lincoln's reputation even in this rather dismal reading of the current barometer of opinion. Most encouraging to anyone interested in history is the rather high level of information among people not selected, apparently, on a basis of interest in history. Thirty years ago, even ten or twenty years ago, knowledge of the practical effectiveness of the Emancipation Proclamation, of Lincoln's interest in colonization, or of his letter to Horace Greeley explaining his policies as a function of his duty to save the Union were considered fine points, subtleties which were well known in the profession but which were unknown to the man in the street. Blacks probably have a higher awareness of such things than whites today because these things are absolutely central to their history and because their history has become a major area of emphasis in all public education. Whatever the case, all historians and students of history should rejoice to see that they have not been talking simply to each other, and that things that were professional subtleties yesterday are today's common knowledge.

In regard to Lincoln's views on race and his policies concerning slavery, the fundamental pieces of evidence have not changed since Frederick Douglass's day, but popular opinion has changed in many ways. The results of a survey taken years hence might be quite different. Among historians, the sensational anti-Lincoln arguments of the late 1960's are clearly taking a new turn, and this survey proves that these changes in opinion become widespread in time.





11

□ 11

Andrew J. Russell

'ARSENAL GROUNDS, WASHINGTON, D.C., CAPTURED GUNS
IN FOREGROUND'

albumen print, mounted, a label printed with the title and series number, 'No. 203,' mounted beneath the image, matted, 1863-64 (Dover, pl. 85)

9 $\frac{1}{8}$ by 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches

\$2,000-3,000



11A

□ 11A

Charles R. Rees

LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 1863

salt print with arched top, signed by the photographer and with his 'Richmond, Va.,' studio credit in the negative, mounted, 1863

2 $\frac{7}{8}$ by 4 inches

The central figure in the group of 3 men in the foreground is Major Thomas P. Turner, commandant of Libby Prison and Belle Isle. War-time views of Richmond by Southern photographers are scarce; many photographers lost both prints and negatives when the city's business district was burned at the end of the war.

\$1,500-2,500

Unless otherwise stated in the description above, the photograph is a gelatin silver print and is not offered as one of a limited edition.



10

□ 9

Various Photographers

61ST NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS

an album of 48 portrait *cartes-de-visite* of *Civil War Soldiers and Dignitaries*, including *Many Members of the 61st New York Volunteers*, 3 *Amputees*, *Hooker*, *McClellan*, *Sedgwick*, *Sumner*, *Hancock*, and *J. B. Richardson*, some with tax stamps on the reverse, with the imprints of E. & H. T. ANTHONY, WHITEHURST, CHARLES K. BILL, H. R. PARKER, and others, 1860's; together with another album of 34 *cartes-de-visite* and 12 tintypes, most of *American Black Men, Women, and Children*, 1860's—circa 1900, thick 8vo and 12mo, tooled full leather and embossed velvet, brass clasps, all edges gilt; and a *Tôle Box of Documents and Personal Papers*, once the property of Mr. William Derrick of Oxford, New York, the owner of the second album (3) *Various sizes*

\$2,000–3,000

□ 10

Andrew J. Russell

'THIRTEEN INCH MORTAR, ARSENAL YARD, WASHINGTON, D.C.'

albumen print, mounted, a label printed with the title and series number, 'No. 159,' mounted beneath the image, matted, 1863–64
9½ by 12¾ inches

\$2,000–3,000

Unless otherwise stated in the description above, the photograph is a gelatin silver print and is not offered as one of a limited edition.



9

Abraham Lincoln and the River Queen

By Kathleen Hargrave Frantz and Harry Warner Frantz

The last idle and relatively care-free day in the life of Abraham Lincoln was spent aboard the River Queen, steaming up the Potomac River to Washington on the second day of the return cruise from General Grant's headquarters at City Point, on the James River, Virginia. For weeks President Lincoln had made this side-wheel steamer his home, and it was associated with triumphant hours of impending victory. Yet amid countless millions of words about the President, you will find scant mention of this now-vanished boat.

On that peaceful Sunday, April 9, 1865, history recounts that President Lincoln spent happy hours among his family and friends. The fall of Richmond and the progress of the Union armies in Virginia had stirred his hope for early peace. We know that he talked in charitable terms about his enemies, and that he twice read a passage from Shakespeare's "Macbeth," which may have brought to him strange premonition of death:

"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor
steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy,
nothing
Can touch him further."

Undoubtedly during that quiet springtime Sunday Abraham Lincoln must have gone to the steamer rail to gaze at the lovely old plantation homes along the Virginia shore. In the later afternoon, certainly, he and his company must have gazed, while the ship's bell tolled mournfully, toward Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington. Unhappily, no record of Lincoln's thought at this moment has come down to us. Doubtless it was a secret and humble obeisance to his great compeer.

In the early afternoon, too, the River Queen passed Port Tobacco on the Maryland shore, where all unknown to Lincoln a plot had been made for his own kidnapping. Less than a week later a fugitive assassin with a broken leg would be rowed across the Potomac river hereabouts. But on this Sunday, in company with family and friends, Lincoln must have thought mostly of the lovely verdant woods and the wide blue bays with farms down to the water shore.

As the River Queen approached Washington, President Lincoln must have gazed at the Capitol in the evening sunlight. He may have thought somberly of the heavy burden of toil awaiting him at his White House desk. One who knows

the strangely inspiring quality of the Potomac and its shores may believe that Lincoln felt the mystery and wonder of the national capital as the River Queen turned up the Eastern Branch to its Navy Yard mooring.

Sometime near the end of this journey, Mrs. Lincoln is said to have been moved by a spirit of dread.

"That city is filled with our enemies," she remarked.

"Enemies," Lincoln replied; "we must never speak of that!"

The thought of peace must have been in his soul.

President Lincoln returned to Washington on Sunday, when no papers were printed. On Monday, the sensational news of the day was the surrender of General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox. The home-coming, therefore, was a matter of scant public record, although on the morning the workers at the Navy Yard were to parade in his honor.

We carefully scanned the small type of The Evening Star, published at Washington, April 10, 1865. Page one featured the SURRENDER OF LEE AND HIS WHOLE ARMY — GRANT'S TERMS ACCEPTED. There followed a long series of War Department bulletins.

Page two Extra-ED the news from the South: RALEIGH CAPTURED BY SHERMAN. An editorial proclaimed THE END OF THE REBELLION. Twice we missed the small three-paragraphed item that we sought:

"Return of President Lincoln. The dispatch boat River Queen, which left City Point at 11 o'clock p. m. Saturday, arrived here at 6 o'clock last (Sunday) evening, bringing up President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Master Tad Lincoln, Attorney General Speed, Judge Otto, Senator Sumner, Senator Harlan, Mrs. Harlan, Miss Harlan, and the Marquis of Chambrun.

"Before leaving City Point on Saturday the President and Mrs. Lincoln visited the hospitals, where they were received with the greatest enthusiasm by our wounded officers and men. A few moments before the River Queen left City Point a transport came alongside with a military band on board, which complimented the distinguished party with a serenade, and the River Queen dropped out into the stream amid the shouting of the troops and beating of drums.

"The President's brief relaxation from the wearing duties of his position has had a beneficial effect, and he returns to Washington in excellent health and spirits."

The Potomac River, strangely, is Washington's River. Few Lincoln legends cling to its shores, although in fact Lincoln made three trips its length. Military operations on Antietam creek, Bull Run, Acquia Creek are the chief indexed records of Lincoln's association with the majestic river. It is not without mystery, therefore, that the magnificent Green temple which honors Abraham Lincoln has been built on the very shores of the Potomac.

Had he dwelt at Washington in years of national peace, Lincoln undoubtedly would have known the length and breadth of the Potomac in several seasons. None more than he would have enjoyed its old plantations—even the tumble-down homes of the Lees where had grown his greatest adversary. He would have loved the fisheries, the oyster-boats, and river steamers that would have reminded him of his journeys on the Ohio and Mississippi.

Since the Lincoln of Washington city had no time to become a "river man," his name is not now a token at old river landings, nor is it emblazoned on the river excursion boats, which prefer to immortalize Robert E. Lee. So for years we have wondered about the River Queen; speculated what became of her when no longer needed for Lincoln's service; and sometimes pictured her keel rusting away in an unknown harbor.

Today we gave ourselves an assignment at the Washington Public Library to learn what we could of the River Queen. Some strange hand must have wanted these facts recorded. We opened an old letter-file of clippings, pamphlets, and miscellany about the Potomac River, feeling that we sought a needle in a haystack. Almost at the instant we saw before us a clipping, from The Evening Star (Washington) of March 5, 1912, which gave the very facts that we long had wondered about.

The River Queen, according to the Star's reporter, was built at Keyport, New Jersey, in 1864, and was then one of the final vessels of her class. During the latter part of the Civil War, the River Queen was used by the Federal Government. President Lincoln made the trip from Washington to City Point on the James River, "to meet the peace commissioners of the Confederate States." (The latter point may have been partly in error. The conference with the peace commissioners, ac-

cording to "Abraham Lincoln—Man of God," by John Wesley Hill, occurred February 3, 1865, at Hampton Roads, on board the River Queen. This cruise would have been prior to that to City Point, which was made in the latter part of March.)

After the War, the River Queen, according to the Star's account, was used on the Delaware River and out of New York until purchased by the old Mount Vernon and Marshall Hall Steamboat Company and brought to Washington to be used on a mail route to Glymont, and also as an excursion boat.

The company reorganized 10 years ago (1902) and the River Queen was put in the colored excursion business between Washington, Notley Hall, Somerset Beach and other points on the Potomac river.

"The River Queen has carried many hundred thousand persons up and down the Potomac and she was always one of the most popular boats on the river," said the Star. "Had she not been injured by the fire it is probable she would have seen many more years of service before being retired."

In the summer of 1911, the River Queen was so badly damaged by fire that her owners decided not to rebuild her. She was sold to G. W. Forsberg of Washington, and was tied to the Ninth Street Wharf of the American Ice company while machinery and parts were removed.

On March 4, 1912, the hull was towed to a point on the flats on the Maryland side of the river (Potomac) near Notley Hall, where she was to be burned in order to recover the metal attached to the timbers.

The River Queen was one of a trio of fast sidewheel steamers brought to Washington. The Samuel J. Pentz was wrecked and her hull burned in the Western Branch, a year before the end of the River Queen. The T. V. Arrowsmith, third of the trio, was sold to wreckers three years earlier, and burned for her metal.

We sought official records that

would authenticate our information about the River Queen. The old Steamboat Inspection Service has disappeared in favor of a Marine Inspection Service, and all old steamboat records are now found in the National Archives. Again, it seemed, an unseen hand must have wanted this data published. For no more urgent reason than our telephonic request, some kind government worker went through old files, and found the records that we sought.

The River Queen, according to these records, was built at Keyport, New Jersey, in 1864. She was 181 feet long, 28 and 5/12 feet wide, 9 feet deep. She had one deck, no mast, a square stern, a round tuck, and no figurehead.

Her first enrollment with Customs authorities was at Providence July 1, 1864. The second was at New York December 21, 1864. The third was at Albany, New York, September 4, 1866. So the old steamer had known the Hudson before coming to the Potomac!

In 1866 the revised tonnage of the River Queen, according to the requirements of law of 1866, was 578.37.

The owners of the River Queen at time of her enrollment in New York were George H. Power, A. Van Sant Voord, and John P. Acker, each of whom owned a one-third share. As of December 21, 1864, William Bradford was master. We could not learn whether he was master at the time of Lincoln's cruises on the River Queen.

The last enrollment of the River Queen was at Washington, September 28, 1907. That certificate evidently was taken up by the Collector of Customs on September 30, 1911.

The final certificate of the River Queen carried the notation: "Vessel was burned and wrecked as junk."

Yet sometimes, in reverie, we may see again and again the old sidewheeler, chugging up the matchless blue Potomac; a tall lonely man looking from her deck toward the dreaming capital!

Ancient Romans ate five meals a day regularly.

The Origin of Memorial Day

The Custom Is Said to Have Been Inaugurated In Two Cemeteries at Richmond, Virginia, by Southern Girls Near the Close of the Civil War

THE CUSTOM of setting aside May 30th as Memorial Day for soldiers of the Civil War originated in the South, which was natural, as that section of the Union had furnished the battlefields that left thousands whose graves proclaimed the terrible carnage of war.

The North designates May 30th as "Decoration Day," since the graves are then "decorated" with flowers. The custom of honoring the dead with candles and flowers trails far back into Roman history and was borrowed by the church as All Souls Day, or "The Feast of All Hallows," a religious ceremony rather than a civic rite. America, however, now has two "Memorial" days, in Armistice Day and Decoration Day, when those who laid down their lives on the altar of patriotism are not forgotten.

The French are mindful of their soldier dead as are the Americans. They celebrate the day when Napoleon's remains were brought back from St. Helena as "The Day of the Ashes"—which corresponds to our national Memorial Day—as a legal holiday, May 30th.

Our memorial custom first started in Richmond, Va., in May, 1866, and the beautiful idea is said to have originated with a young Virginia girl, Cassandra Oliver Moncure, who was always a most patriotic woman. When her historic life reached its close recently, in her 90th year, the people of Virginia, it is said, did not forget her patriotic service; but draped her simple casket with the flag, and sent appropriate emblems of the fairest flowers of the Southland to cover her mound.

In her life, recognition had come to her from many Presidents. When the Unknown Soldier was brought back from France, President Harding sent her an invitation to Arlington, and on this occasion, General Pershing stopped to shake her hand. President Wilson had sent her a beautiful wreath for the Virginia dead of the American Expeditionary Force, and Mrs. Hoover sought to cheer the sunset of her life with rare roses from the White House conservatories.

Had Mrs. Moncure written her own biography, it would have rivaled in interest "Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years," since circumstances placed her amid stirring historic environment where she met in daily contact men who help make up the great galaxy of the Civil War heroes. When Edward Everett, who was orator at Gettysburg when Lincoln made his famous dedi-

By ESTEN BAYLOR COOKE

catory speech, sponsored the purchase of Mt. Vernon and canvassed the country to raise funds for the Mt. Vernon's Ladies Association to accomplish this end, little Cassandra Oliver Moncure took part as a cherub in a tableau, after which, it will be remembered, Everett delivered a beautiful eulogy on Washington. In later years, her diploma of graduation was signed by James Thomas, the wealthy tobaccoist, who with Horace Greely went on the bail-bond of Jefferson Davis.

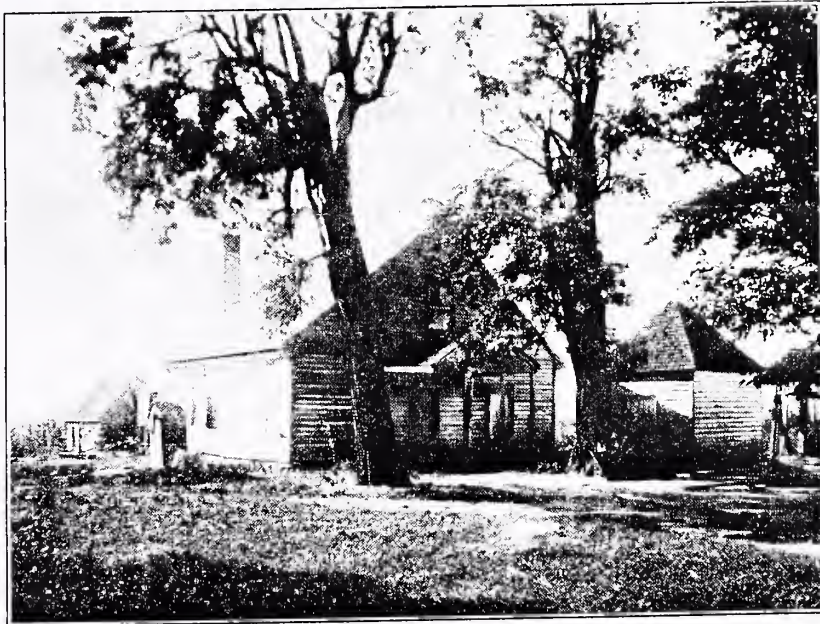
WHEN Cassandra returned to her mother's home, "Ellerslie," in Caroline County, not far from Fredericksburg, each day revealed new vistas of experience,

some exciting in the extreme. Ellerslie is one of those unpretentious homes of many memories, which came down as a land-grant from the king. In her bib and tucker days, little Cassandra had listened to her grandmother's accounts of how the Indians would file by, going to pay their respects to the Great Father (President Madison) at his home at Montpelier. Then, the old lady would flip her snuff-box open and laugh when the children at her knee would sneeze, and berate them for so doing as "parvenus." Her maid was a darkie named Hannah, who remembered when Tarleton raided Virginia in 1781 and carried off hundreds of slaves to Jamaica. So, to Hannah's mind, there was never any enemy except the British. At this time, in the year 1861, she was high in the eighties, bent, shriveled but acting as a kind of house-mother to the negro babies left in her care, while their mam-

mies hoed in the field. They were kept in crude wooden cradles, with a "sugar-rag" in their mouths, made with fat meat which soothed them as a pacifier. For some reason old Hannah, wise in the ways of voodooism, suspected of cannibalism a big black who had not many years before been bought from a slave-ship at Tannahnock, Va. For though importing Africans was against the law, yet, like the recent bootlegging of liquor, such traffic secretly was carried on. Old Hannah caught him kidnapping one of her charges and brought her cane down over his head. Immediately he was sent South and sold, down where, in the sugar cane

brakes, there would be no babies to awaken his appetite. Then peace reigned at Ellerslie.

Some time later old Hannah stood peering from the cellar door, with a small brass kettle in her hand when suddenly a cry went up, "Great God, the British have come!" and the old darkie, fatally scared, fell over dead. Her eyes, dim though they were, had espied the sun glistening on golden epaulettes at the granary. But it was not the Red Coats this time, but the Blue Coats—Sheridan. Little Phil, was now in the saddle and Virginia was to hear of him and of Stoneman and Hooker for four terrible years. Filling their haversacks with corn, the bluecoats rode away; but a red haired girl, standing on the porch had now had her first glimpse of civil war. She was to witness the full of it, for Ellerslie fronted on the "Old Telegraph Road," main artery of travel between Washington and Richmond. (Continued on page 30)



Above, Where Stonewall Jackson Died, In Caroline County, Virginia; Below, Cassandra Oliver Moncure In Later Days

president of "INTO," Mrs. Holme, attempted to deny all, but broke down and pleaded for a recess. She finally admitted, the reports say, that the organization headquarters is adorned with busts of Lenin and Marx and is decorated with Red flags; that the Red salute has been employed in the hall, and that she had heard the singing of the "International" Repeatedly. She refused, however, to explain the items on the books of the organization in connection with dozens of contributors to the radical cause and communist organizations. The minutes and records of club meetings are in the possession of the court. They are being translated and will be used as further evidence. It is charged that various items show contributions by the club to a communist school in Gardner, Mass., operated by the Young Pioneers, a section of the Young Pioneer International of Moscow. As the translation progresses, many interlocking organizations in the U. S., it is said, prove to be Soviet propaganda bureaus.

The Origin of Memorial Day

(Continued from page 17)

Besides troopers and infantry, she was to see Grant's huge quartermaster's train, stretching sixty-five miles, go by—when he fell back from the Wilderness.

Among the Union officers who pitched their tents under the huge old catalpa tree in the Moncure yard was General Grant himself, accompanied by General Meade and Col. Nelson A. Miles. During a great deal of the war Cassandra Moncure was in Richmond, sent there by her mother for safety. There were two Southern cemeteries there—Oakwood and Hollywood—which formed the resting place for more than 30,000 Confederates. There were also two large Union cemeteries. These were cared for by the United States government, but the Confederate cemeteries, due to the exigencies of the war, had been neglected.

It was at the close of the war that Cassandra conceived the idea of a memorial day. It made a popular appeal in Richmond. Following the suggestion, young men who had just been paroled at Appomattox cleaned up these military graveyards so that order prevailed. The young girls of the city decorated the graves with wreaths of honeysuckle and magnolia bouquets. When memorial exercises were held Dr. Hoge, a greatly beloved minister, led the way.

The two cemeteries were far apart, and it was decided to decorate Oakwood on May 10, 1866, in memory of the death of Stonewall Jackson on that date, and to hold the services at Hollywood on May 30, when the roses were in bloom. There was no objection from the Union General Ord, and General Logan himself witnessed the services. The sentiment so pleased him that he carried it north with him, and later Congress passed a resolution making May 30th Memorial Day to decorate the graves of the Union soldiers.

side of Theodore Roosevelt in Cuba. Here sleep many of the men who charged with Pickett at Gettysburg. Hollywood is the final resting place too of President Monroe, and near his grave is a monument to President Tyler and one to Jefferson Davis. It is fitting that here rests in a modest grave the last remains of Cassandra Moncure, who was one of the first to envision Memorial Day.

What Forestry Means to U. S.

(Continued from page 23)

established the first state sanatorium for treatment of tuberculosis, is rapidly and truly coming to a realization. But unfortunately, like most pioneers, Dr. Rothrock is not here to see the results of his vision.

The state forests of Pennsylvania, of which that of Mont Alto is a part, were originated and purchased by the state to produce on our hillsides crops of trees that would be of use to mankind, to furnish pure water supply and provide healthful recreational areas for the citizens. Above all, the parks were to provide the people with essential materials which are required in every day life, to produce a crop on what years ago were idle lands and to keep within the confines of the state boundaries the huge sum of money spent annually for similar products purchased and shipped from the Pacific coast states. If these state forests fulfill their mission they will go far toward relieving the strain placed on mankind by present day living conditions. Moreover, the forest will provide means of employment during periods of depression such as now exists. In the winter of 1932-33 one hundred men on relief were given jobs in Mont Alto Forest. In 1933-34 the number was 157 and in 1934-35 approximately 274 are employed on work which will improve the property. The employment just noted is in addition to the two year employment furnished to the 200 members of the C. C. C. camp located in the forest, and to that provided the regular men who are hired for a part of each year.

THE LIFE of the state and nation depends upon the proper use of every acre of our immense area, either for factory or home sites, for agricultural purposes, for grazing and, last but not least, for the raising of trees. Starting back in 1807 the 23 500 acres in Mont Alto park have had a real degree of usefulness to the citizens. I hope the next 125 years will show a greater degree of service. This, however, must rest with the generation that comes after. Each succeeding generation is the heir of the past. It receives the benefits of all the good or injury of the bad accomplished by the previous generation and those before. The present generation too is trustee for all the future generations. It is its duty to see that what came from the past is turned over to the future in a better condition than when it

neither can any single generation so live. We are all depending on the accomplishments of the past.

History of the U. S. Tariff

(Continued from page 21)

on both free and dutiable imports under the Fordney Act was 14 per cent.

The most notable feature of the act of 1922 was the introduction of the flexible tariff. It was evident when the bill was under consideration that because of rapidly changing conditions and the necessary readjustments following the war, the task of writing a more or less permanent rate on a given article was exceedingly difficult. Within a few months it might be entirely too low or too high. It was to cope with this prospective situation that the House originally based the duties in the Fordney bill upon the American value of imported articles.

When the Senate rejected American valuation it substituted the flexible tariff, by which the President was given the power to modify the duties fixed in the act within a range of fifty per cent, either up or down, when he found after investigation by the Tariff Commission that an existing duty did not equalize the difference in cost of production of a domestic article and like or similar foreign articles. The President also was given the power to base duties on the American value where he found that the differences in production costs could not be equalized by changing the rate itself.

The purpose of Congress in enacting the flexible tariff provision was to provide a means whereby duties might be maintained at the proper level to offset foreign cost-of-production advantages without the necessity of constant congressional action.

The constitutionality of the flexible tariff was immediately challenged on the ground that Congress had thereby delegated legislative powers to the President. However, in a test case the Supreme Court overruled this contention, holding in effect that Congress had merely laid down a rule or "yardstick" for rate making and directed the President to modify rates to conform thereto. Such a delegation of authority, the court held, was administrative only and therefore did not constitute an unconstitutional delegation of legislative powers. (See *Hampton & Co. v. United States*, 276 U. S. 406.)

(To be concluded next month.)

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